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A THRILLING  
PUBLICATION

# THE LONE EAGLE

## FIGHTING ACE

**SPOOK SPAD**

An Ambrose Hooley Howler

By **JOE ARCHIBALD**



### **SHADOW OF THE SWASTIKA**

*A Full Book-Length War-Air  
Novel Featuring the World's  
Greatest Sky Fighter*



# EASY WAY...

# Tints Hair

## JET BLACK!

(ALSO 7 SHADES OF BLACK, BROWN, TITIAN AND BLONDE)

**NEW CREME SHAMPOO INSTANTLY  
IMPARTS LOVELY BLACK COLOR  
TO HAIR THAT IS . . . . .  
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FADED • GRAYING • AGEING  
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☐ Black   ☐ Med. Warm Brown   ☐ Light Brown   ☐ Blonde

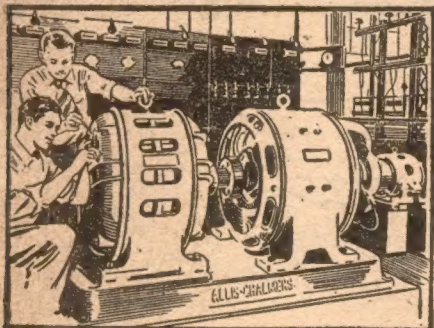
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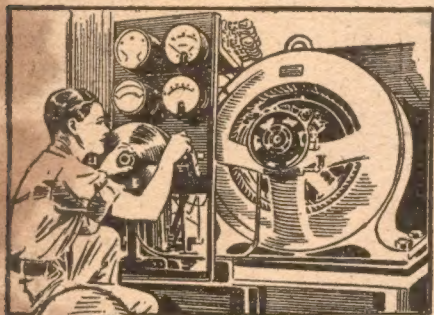
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# 10¢ THE LONE EAGLE

## FIGHTING ACE



Vol. XXII, No. 1

BRUCE MCALESTER, Editor

February, 1941

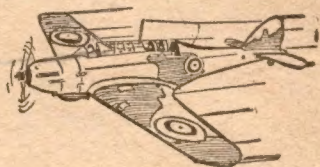
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# I Jumped My Pay from \$18 to \$50 a Week!

*Here's how I did it*

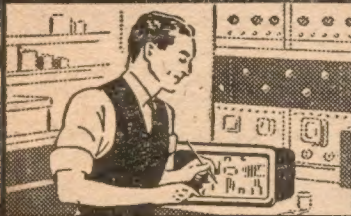
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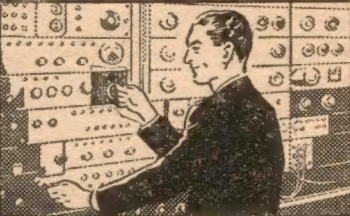
"I had an \$18 a week job in a shoe factory." He'd probably be there today if he hadn't read about the opportunities in Radio and started training at home for them.



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**Why Many Radio Technicians Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week**

Radio broadcasting stations employ operators, technicians. Radio manufacturers employ testers, inspectors, servicemen, in good-pay jobs. Radio jobbers, dealers, employ installation and servicemen. Many Radio Technicians open their own Radio sales and repair businesses and make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week fixing Radios in spare time. Automobile, Police, Aviation, Commercial Radio; Loud-speaker Systems, Electronic Devices and other fields offering opportunities which N. R. I. gives the re-

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# Around the Hangar



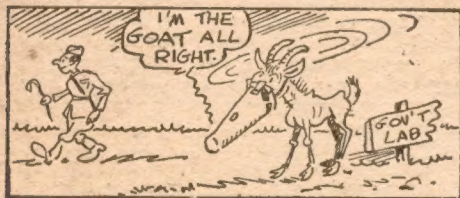
A Department

for Readers

**C**OME on in, readers, and park the fuselages. I saw one of you kick that goat of mine in the empennage when you crossed the tarmac and that is no way to treat a mascot. Of course he is a dizzy-looking goat, Horace is, but if you had been through what that tin can muncher has been through, you would be slap-happy yourselves.

Anyway, that goat has been more valuable to date to the U. S. Army than any of you potential pilots. He is a veteran of the Air Service labs where they test animals like Horace to see what can be done about aeroembolism.

Yes, sir. And goats like Horace have proven that they can take more nitro bubbles in the spinal column than can the big strong men that are going to fly Uncle Sam's fastest ships. So you leave Horace



be, and it would not be amiss to salute that old horned ace. How would you like to be the goat for the U. S. Army M. D.'s? A lot of you might have to be.

This aeroembolism is a lot like a bends the divers get and is caused by the terrific beating around that your blood pressure gets when you throw those fast crates of 1940-41 into a dive or take them up to a height an eagle would shy at.

## Putting on the Pressure

The experts put a rabbit in a high pressure cabin and gave it pressure equal to 60,000 feet and the rabbit increased to three times its original size. All that is done to spare you buzzards from swelling up and exploding in mid-air, so you be kind to dumb animals and save a strain on your blood pressure.

Flight surgeons are pretty sure they have solved the question of the blackout. The blackout is the hardest of three stresses to which a military pilot is subjected. The other two are: (1) Air neurosis that hits you when you fly under dangerous and ex-

citing conditions; (2) Lack of oxygen at high altitudes that strips the best noggin of its normal savvy.

The blackout is the most important. It is the blackness that comes to a guy after he pulls out of a dive. At the end of the dive he has his marbles, but when he lifts the nose of his battle wagon he meets that centrifugal force that makes his body five times heavier and forces the blood toward his under-carriage. His gray matter is drained of oxygen and night comes down on him even though the sun is shining.

This modern flying business is becoming a complex subject, and is there any wonder that the air force won't accept anything but the best in human form? They are separating the Icaruses from the Daedalus, to put it briefly. Icarus was a young Greek wisenheimer who gained himself a niche in Greek Heaven by failing to determine the effect of the sun on the wax of his home-made flippers.

His papa Daedalus, was *Magna Cum Laude* or something, and had an engineer's degree and also possessed more gray matter than Icarus, so he figured out the exact temperature that the wax of his home-made wings would stand for before he took the jump.

The Army Air Corps is separating the chaff from the wheat. Are you an Icarus or a Daedalus? They will find out soon enough. They do not want a flock of future war pilots confined to their Nissons with the bends when an enemy is reported only thirty miles off Ambrose Light.

Yeah, that goat is walking on its heels to save you peelots from possible convulsions, mental aberrations and severe pains in the noggin and elsewhere. So you respect Horace. He ought to get a Crow de gare or something.

## Pep Up, Peelots!

How did you like this top flight of LONE EAGLE stories this month? If you have any squawks about that line-up we are inclined to believe nothing would satisfy you, even an actual photo of Adolf getting exiled to St. Helena.

There has been a lack of pep around this hangar and we are going to be tough on the malingerers and lead-swingers. These meetings the last few months have been about

(Continued on page 11)



# IMAGINE THEIR JOY

## WHEN THEY FOUND THEY COULD PLAY

This easy as A.B.C. way!



### Learned Quickly at Home

I didn't dream I could actually learn to play without a teacher. Now, when I play for people they hardly believe that I learned to play so well in so short a time.

\* E. C. S., Calif.

### Wouldn't Take \$1,000 for Course

The lessons are so simple that any one can understand them. I have learned to play by note in a little more than a month. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for my course.

\* S. E. A., Kansas City, Mo.



### Surprised Friends

I want to say that my friends are greatly surprised at the different pieces I can already play. I am very happy to have chosen your method of learning.

\* E. F., Bronx, N. Y.

### Plays on Radio

I am happy to tell you that for four weeks I have been on the air over our local radio station. So thanks to your institution for such a wonderful course.

\* W. H. S., Alabama.



### Best Method by Far

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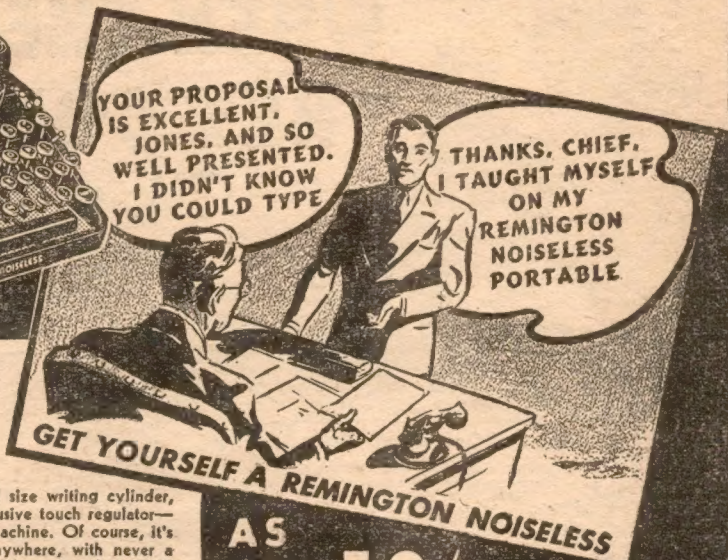
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## AROUND THE HANGAR

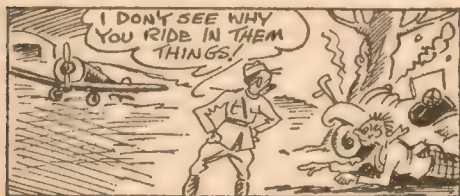
(Continued from page 8)

as lively as a pooch with hookworm caught in a bed of quicksand and we haven't had any more laughs than you can find in Norway or France for a long time. I don't mean you should start telling stories like the ones the traveling airplane salesman tells about the farmer's air hostess daughter either. . . .

I wish Oswald Klipspringer was here. Me and Oswald went down to Kelly Field together in 1917-18 and I will never forget Oswald the first time he landed a Jenny solo. Everybody ducked for cover while Oswald tried to make a fair catch at Texan real estate and he finally made it up against a tree, and he walked away from the crate and grins at the C. O. like he had come right in on all three points like a hen hawk.

"Well, I made it," Oswald said. "But how do you stop them da— things when there's no trees around?"

Oswald was an Icarus and he did not get to fight the Jerries even in those days. Oswald proved to the satisfaction of all concerned that he had no more reflexes



than a blue point. They let him go the day he was walking around the field trying to sign his name on dots he saw in front of his eyes.


The last dive I saw Oswald come out of there were three San Antonio cops clinging to his empenage. Oswald's trouble was that he was born twenty years too soon for Oswald could get away mixing corn with radio but not with Jennies. If you buzzards would like to hear more about Oswald, I will be glad to oblige you but we have got a lot more serious business to attend to.

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Fond parents are slowly getting rid of the jitters regarding flying lessons for their sprouts. If they could only get a look at the morgue hampers the boys of twenty-two years ago took upstairs to fight the Krauts, they would look upon the modern sky buggy as the last thing in life preservers. Why are the men of the R.A.F. showing all that moxie against the Jerries today? They are fatalists, those boys. They don't believe they'll go to Valhalla until their time comes.

Take the case of Captain Wolfe, who flew with Richtofen in the last World War. Wolfe passed away a long time after

(Continued on page 12)



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**FREE BOOK**

(Continued from page 11)

peace had come. He was kicked in the head by a horse. It takes more moxie to climb into a terra firma jalopy bound for a modern speedway than it does to jump into the cockpit of a plane. The jalopy has only three lanes about ten feet across to do business in and a plane has most of the sky. A parachute does not lift you out through the top of a sedan when it takes a Brodie over a high bank.

**FLYING IS AS SAFE** as anything today and if you want to plunge into a big tank full of statistics you will find that it is a lot safer than most methods of transportation. There is one thing you can bank on when you climb aboard a modern passenger plane. **THE GUY AT THE CONTROLS IS NOT MIXING ALKY WITH HIS PETROL!**

Fiction stories about World War No. 1 peclots loaded with cognac? Phooey! Ask any man what increased altitude does to a character who has been imbibing too freely. His head feels as big as a hippo's stomach and as cold as the inside of an iceberg. Sweat pours off him in quarts and he is afraid he won't die. Er—who asked me that? How do I know? Why—Oswald told me. Ha ha.

### Our Mailbag

Humph—maybe we ought to get a peek into this mailbag—not to change the subject. But the correspondence has been piling up since we got together here last. M-m-m, here is a letter from a fan from London and she tells us how it feels to be up to one's neck in the war against the Axis. You lucky citizens listen to what Eileen Day of Camden Town, London, England, has to say:

Since reading "Phantom Ace" we have had no other issue of **THE LONE EAGLE** in London or England. I've missed it terribly, for we have had no air books at all. But I can still get the thrills, for we have a good many air raid sirens, sometimes six a day, at least an average of four. The Germans generally come about nine o'clock at night and sometimes stay till dawn. Last Saturday, when we had six warnings, the Germans penetrated through to central London. We watched them flying at about 20 to 30,000 feet up.

They looked like tiny silver specks. Then our Spitfires came on the scene, they broke formation and spread out to fight individually. Suddenly we saw one Jerry climb quickly and then go into a steep dive, smoke trailing behind it. The pilot baled out as it burst into flames. I have seen a good many dog-fights since then but yesterday (September 4) Londoners experienced the worst air raid since the war. They came, just as we had been told to expect them. Five hundred bombers with twice as many fighters. We could hear the crump of bombs in the distance, and, in the sky, planes seemed to be all over the place . . . diving, twisting, and climbing, trying to get out of the terrific barrage of the A.A. guns, which we could hear in the distance. All of a sudden the guns in our area went off. Gosh, it was awful! They put up a terrific barrage and it was pretty deafening.

We saw two planes crash very near us. They dropped their bombs somewhere near the London docks and this evening the glow of the fires can be seen for many miles around. Jerry came back again at night—he dropped bright parachute flares and then his bombs. We could hear the crump of bombs and the explosions of the guns in the distance. In the morning we learned

(Continued on page 106)



## THE SWAP COLUMN

Here's where you can exchange something you have but don't want for something someone else has that you do want. This is a **FREE** service.

For example if you have a camera and don't use it, and would like to have a stamp album, write: "Have Eastman camera, No. 1, Jr. make, 3 years old, good condition, will exchange for stamp album, with 5,000 stamps, 25 countries.—John Smith, 49 Park Street, Albany, N. Y."

Limit your request to 25 words. No goods for sale listed, nor requests concerning firearms or any illegal articles.

Type or hand-print clearly, in submitting announcements. The **LONE EAGLE** will not be responsible for losses sustained. Make very plain just what you have and just what you want to "swap" it for. Enclose a clipping of this announcement with your request.

Will swap 160 radio parts, including 30 tubes. Also roller skates for balloon tire bicycle, 28 inch. Charles Duff, 2411 Custer Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

I have American helmet, and twenty-five pounds of radio equipment, tubes, earphones, condensers, etc. What have you? Write information. Jack Jones, 1311 Blaine Avenue, Cambridge, Ohio.

Have brand new camera to trade for chemistry set or? Sidney Isaacs, 2505 Olinville Avenue, Bronx, New York.

Will swap short wave receiver, plug-in coils for anything worth the swap. Robert King, 237 Renwick Drive, Ithaca, New York.

Have electric train, good condition. Will exchange for good condition model airplane, gas motor. Kenneth Kulin, 1207 Wellington Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Will send 25 stamps from 25 different countries free with approvals. George Haelele, 1437 So. Main Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Have army signal flag kit, naval pictures, airplane plans and other things. All letters answered. John Theis, Box 110, Botkins, Ohio.

Will swap 96 phonograph records such as Decca, Bluebird, etc., in lots of 24 or altogether for small printing press. All letters answered. Wayne Shearer, 404 15th Avenue, Cordele, Georgia.

Have practically new model airplane engine. Will exchange for stamps suitable for approval stock. Tommie Boyd, 606 Naples Street, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Will trade old Atwater Kent radio complete with speaker, needs tubes, for model gas engine in good condition, or make offer. Donald Foster, 710 Hamilton Street, Harrison, New Jersey.

Have a new adjustable developing tank, earphones and crystal set, and books. What have you? Am interested in physical culture, small statues and curios. Henry L. Kobylinski, 3251 Gaul Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I want a gas model motor. Have 16 mm. Keystone projector, phonograph records of first World War songs, violin in good condition. Robert Nitza, 396 E. Erie Street, Painesville, Ohio.

Who wants my set of drafting instruments in very good condition, nine pieces? I will swap for an airplane gas engine. Gerald Rouch, Auburn, Indiana, R.R. 3.

Have guitar, electric train and books. Will swap for books on photography or photographic equipment. Frank Symes, 712 3rd Avenue, South, Great Falls, Montana.

I have a mechanical drawing set consisting of ten pieces in perfect working condition. I would like a good candid or folding camera. Any offer considered. Jim Dugan, 1415 Midland Avenue, Syracuse, New York.

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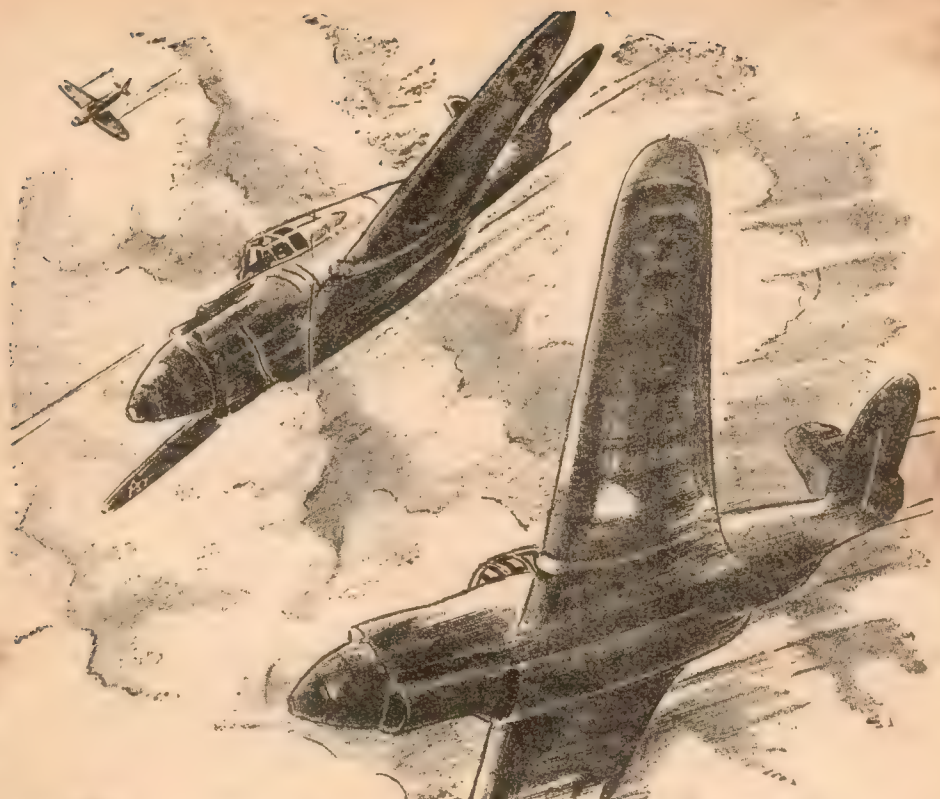
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One of the three P-40s was tearing straight at the Stimson, guns blazing (Chap. XIV)





# Shadow of the Swastika

By LIEUT. SCOTT MORGAN

*Author of "Hell Over America," "North Sea Terror," etc.*

*The Lone Eagle, Battling for His Native Land, Hurls Nazi Fifth Columnists Into One Column—Retreat!*

## CHAPTER I

### *Death Never Talks*

**C**APTAIN FRANK STERN, of the 16th U. S. Infantry, only recently assigned to the War Department for special duty,

leaned back in his chair and stared out the window at the shadows of coming night creeping across the skyline of the Nation's Capitol. His special job of work was completed and he was dog-tired.

For two solid weeks he and his

---

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# To Defend Democracy, Sky Fighter John

staff had been slaving over the organization work for the forthcoming Red and Blue Army maneuvers. In Captain Stern's completed work was detailed information regarding the strength, the purpose, and the war games plan of every unit taking part. In fact, on this particular night, Captain Stern possessed more information regarding the armed forces of Uncle Sam for the maneuvers, only a month away, than any two other men in the country. His voluminous report was in the briefcase on the desk before him—ready to be handed over to General Marsh, Chief of Staff.

"The general insisted on detail, and boy, he's got it," he muttered. "Damn glad when it's off my hands! What a field day foreign agents could have with that stuff!"

As a knock came on the door, he slipped the briefcase into a drawer and gave a gruff, "Come in!"

A good-looking staff lieutenant entered and saluted smartly.

"Captain Stern, sir?"

"Right, Lieutenant. What can I do for you?"

The lieutenant held out an envelope.

"From General Marsh, Captain," he said. "Orders were to deliver this to you, and await your pleasure."

Stern ripped open the envelope and smoothed out the folded sheet inside. It was what he had been expecting—orders when and where to deliver his report to the general. The Chief of Staff was leaving in an hour by Air Corps plane for a three-day inspection flight over Georgia, Louisiana and Texas, where the Red and

Blue Army war games were to be held. Stern was ordered to have the attending officer, Lieutenant Blake, drive him to Bolling Field where General Marsh was waiting to receive the report.

"Got a car downstairs, Blake?" Stern asked.

"Yes, Captain." The junior officer saluted again. "Am I to take you some place?"

"Bolling Field." Stern took the briefcase out of the desk, and reached for his hat on the rack. "Humph!" he grumbled. "That's army for you. Waste time sending a messenger when you could just as well grab up a phone. Oh, well! Come on, Blake."

**I**N THE car, Captain Stern relaxed on the back seat cushions and lighted a cigarette as the uniformed driver drove the army sedan from in front of the War Department Building. Half an hour, and then he could take a long-awaited dive under the blankets. Unless the general suddenly decided that he'd better come along on the inspection flight. Stern hoped not. Another night without sleep and he'd be crossing his eyes and cutting out paper dolls—

He checked the rest of his ruminating as he suddenly glanced out the window.

"Didn't you tell him Bolling Field, Blake?" he asked the junior officer at his side. "This road goes to Georgetown." He leaned forward. "Soldier! Where do you think you're headed?"

The driver did not even turn his head. He put on speed and Stern started to reach out a hand to grasp his shoulder. He never completed the movement.

"Let him alone," the man Stern believed to be Lieutenant Blake said in an icy voice. "He knows where he's going. Sit back and be quiet."





# Masters Smashes Into America's Enemies!

Stern jerked around, his jaw square and his eyes agate.

"Who the devil are you talking to, Lieutenant?" he grated. "When I say—"

Captain Stern left the rest hanging in mid-air as his eyes focused on the pistol Blake held less than six inches from his ribs. A silencer was fitted to the muzzle.

"I'm talking to you, Stern," the masquerading lieutenant said evenly. "This thing won't be heard, but it'll hurt you like hell. Don't be a fool and get yourself killed over a few army statistics."

It was seconds before Stern could regain mastery of his tongue. During that time he weighed the possibility of getting hold of the pistol before this man Blake could slip his thumb off the hammer, but he decided the chances were against him.

"What is this?" he demanded. "Are you nuts, Blake? What's the idea?"

"Your briefcase, naturally," the man beside him said with a cold smile. "It contains quite a bit of valuable information. We want it."

"We?" Stern snapped, and tightened his grip on the briefcase.

"The identity does not matter to you," Blake said. "We—anonymous, if you wish—don't go after things by halves. All the way. That's why we are, and always will be, successful. But—"

Stern had been staring at the man, unbelievably.

"You've touched up your face and hair!" he suddenly cried, and made a desperate lunge for the gun. "Your name's not Blake. You're—"

"You're right! Too bad!"

The man who had been called Blake jerked his gun clear of Stern's stabbing hand and squeezed the trigger. There was hissing sound, followed instantly by a faint *pop*. Stern stiffened up straight, then closed his eyes



like a tired boy and slumped over on the seat.

"Naturally I wore a disguise," the killer muttered, and pushed the captain's body down onto the floor of the car. "Did you think I wanted to be recognized entering your office, you fool?" He called to the driver: "Karl! Drive toward Washington Airport. Let me out presently, then dispose of him and the car. You understand?"

"Perfectly," the driver said, without taking his eyes off the road. "Neither will be found. My congratulations! There was not the slightest hitch, was there?"

"I never permit a hitch," the man in the back said evenly. "It is well for you to bear that in mind. When you have completed your task, report back to local headquarters. If you are needed in New York, you will be sent for. Meanwhile, do what you can to speed up the manufacturer of the bombs."

"And the weekly drill meetings?" the driver murmured.

"They are to cease for the present," Blake said. "The Congressional in-



vestigating committees are becoming annoying. Our goal is too close for us to take chances. . . . All right, pull over to the curb and let me out. Remember my orders. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

**T**HREE hours after a bullet had snuffed out the life of Captain Stern, a well known New York man, Jon Van Delft, answered the doorbell of his luxurious apartment in the Empire Towers in Manhattan. Van Delft, a native of Holland, born in Amsterdam some fifty odd years ago, for the last fifteen had been vice-president and general manager of the Holland-Atlantic Steamship Company. He had also been a fanatical believer in the doctrines of Adolf Hitler. The Fuehrer of the German Reich was his god, and Nazism the shrine at which Jon Van Delft worshiped. Well known on both sides of the Atlantic for his shipping connections, only a half dozen or so knew him for his Fifth Column activities.

With a brief smile of greeting, he stepped back for his visitor who carried a double-locked briefcase to enter, then quickly closed the door.

"You were successful?" he asked softly.

Without answering, the visitor strode past Van Delft into the library that looked out on Central Park. Van Delft followed him, and repeated the question. The visitor swung around and thrust the briefcase into his hands.

"Would I be here if I had failed?" he demanded harshly. "Of course I was successful. What word have you received?"

Possession of the briefcase seemed to give Van Delft courage.

"All in due time, Captain Yancey," he said stiffly. "First tell me of your experience. And try not to be so rude, if you please."

The visitor's eyes glittered, but he only shrugged.

"There is little to tell," he said,

with forced calm. "Stern accepted the forged note and joined me in the car. At a certain spot I was forced to kill him. I removed my uniform and came up here by plane. No one will ever find the car or Stern. That's all."

Van Delft paled slightly.

"A man's life is cheap in this business," he muttered. "It was necessary, yes?"

"Quite necessary," the other man said evenly. "The lives of a million Captain Sterns do not matter. And now, what word have you received?"

"I return to Europe by way of Mexico tomorrow," Van Delft said and touched the briefcase. "I deliver this in person. It will be examined, and orders for future work will be issued. You are to be in charge of all agents while I am gone. You will make no move unless you receive direct orders through the usual channels. If problems come up upon which you want authorized advice, go see the person whose name is on this card—at this address. Simply identify yourself as Yancey, or Blake, or any of the other names you use. This person will know."

Van Delft held out a slip of paper. The murderer of Captain Stern glanced at it—and stiffened with amazement.

"Here, in *this* country?" he asked jerkily.

"For the last six weeks," Van Delft said placidly. "May I offer you a drink, Captain Yancey?"

"No, but you may give me some information, if you will," said the man of many names.

"What do you wish to know?"

"You are Dutch, and I was born under the flag of the Fatherland"—a frown accented the words—"yet you, a Dutchman, have been made my superior. It seems strange."

"It is not strange," Van Delft said coolly. "True, I have wealth, position and influence, but that is not the point. In your heart you are a soldier of one country, while I am a soldier



in the new army of the world. An army that springs from many countries to rally beneath the banner of a new order in the world."

The man he had called Yancey, and who so short a time before had been called Blake, shrugged and glanced again at the paper he held in his hand. He seemed suddenly to forget everything else.

"*Fraulein von Zender!*" he said, his tone almost awed. "The mysterious R-Forty-seven! The most famous, the most clever, the most successful secret agent of them all! They say she is more daring than her mother, the first R-Forty-seven!"

Van Delft seemed not to hear. He stood gazing out at Central Park.

"All Europe within a few months!" he breathed softly. "And then this country—the world's richest prize!"

## CHAPTER II

### *A Traitor Amends*



IGH up under the cloud-flecked bowl of blue above the sandy wastes that flanked the Rio Grande, a Curtiss Hawk 75-A droned northward. Seated in the pit was a man known in civilian life as John Masters, but who was known to the bloody skies of two World Wars as that adventurer of adventurers, the Lone Eagle. The Lone Eagle—who once had won fame for pitting his skill and daring single-handed against bloodthirsty and ruthless hordes who had tried to over-run the world.

That had been another war—and now he was at it again. New hordes with new leaders, but underneath it was the same old thing against which he tilted—the desire of a few to turn helpless, misguided multitudes to forced slavery.

Once it had been suppressed, and John Masters' part in that had not been small. Pushed back—but not

stamped out forever. And this time, it was not going to be so easy to fight the thing back for a period of restless somnolence. A civilized world had paid with millions of lives to win one war, and then sat back to let cut-throats and blood-spillers, led by Hitler, build up an even more terrible menace to humanity. Now there was another and more horrible war to be fought to preserve the rights and liberties of humanity.

Impulsively Masters shook his head and swore softly, as though in so doing he might drive away discomforting thoughts. But they remained to plague him as they had ever since he had stood on the deck of the torpedoed *Athenia* and vowed once more to give his all to erase the scourge of war and hate from the world.

He was flying northward now, heading for his own United States. Only a short time before he had left the blood-strewn beach at Dunkirk to speed across the ocean to halt the dastardly plan hatched by the younger R-47 of Nazi Germany, and her slinking cohorts, the Fifth Columnists, when they had attempted to blast the dikes of the Panama Canal.

Masters had been in time to blast that plot. He had located the stolen French aircraft carrier, the *Breton*, and had led Nazi pilots into a trap that had sent them tumbling from the skies in blazing heaps under the withering fire of U.S. guns.

Then for weeks he had combed Central America and Mexico in a search for R-47. He had seen her crash by the light of the blazing *Breton*, had seen her climb aboard a Nazi U-boat, and for a few peaceful days he had hoped that she had gone back to Germany.

But the report of a native fisherman and his crew had spoiled that dream. They claimed that they had seen a submarine lying in close to shore just off Costa Rica. And they had sworn that they had watched a boat being rowed toward the beach,



and in that boat was a woman. And Masters had known then that the woman who had been put ashore was R-47.

He had searched high and low for her without discovering a single clue to her whereabouts. And then word had come crackling through the air that the bloody talons of the Nazis had reached into the United States War Department to snatch up the secret plans and leave a bullet-riddled body in its place. And now he was speeding toward the Border, hoping that there would yet be time to stop the murderous thieves before they got the army plans out of the country.

**F**ATE must have taken a hand that John Masters was in the Rio Grande country, for he spotted a sinister black monoplane wheeling over the black ribbon of road leading northward from Monterey to Laredo. Idly he wondered to whom it could belong. In troubled Mexico, various political factions and leaders had their own planes, war planes, crates that carried loaded guns.

The plane was banking. It seemed to be interested in a car speeding south along the shimmering road. Suddenly, and without a trace of warning, it went into a roaring dive, hurtling toward the car with a machine-gun spewing gray tracer.

"Now what?" rasped Masters as he automatically kicked rudder and whirled after the black job.

He could see the tiny clouds of dust being kicked up beside the road by the blazing slugs.

"That's the stuff!" he shouted as the driver of the car suddenly put on his brakes and skidded to a stop.

The black job had overshot its target and was zooming for another dive. It half rolled and came down again, its gun chattering madly.

Closing in to see what this little drama was all about, Masters hurled his ship into position so that he would be at the bottom of the black crate's

dive. He knew none of the actors of this grim little desert tragedy, but found his sympathies as usual with the underdog. He was hoping that the man in the car could escape.

He could see little geysers of dust flicking up, jumping closer and closer to the car as slugs poured into the dry dirt of the road. The man behind the wheel once again was speeding down that black ribbon toward Monterey. But the black crate was sweeping in from the west now, and all the pilot had to do was kick rudder a bit to keep his guns lined on the car.

The Lone Eagle's fingers itched on his gun-trips. His lips drew into a taut line. Murder was being attempted before his eyes, yet he felt that he could not interfere without knowing the details. This speeding car might be driven by some Mexican outlaw, and the black crate flown by a government agent. He had to be sure, before he made any move.

Sweeping in low over the road and tilting his wings so that the pilot of the black ship could see the insignia on his wings, Masters glanced down at the man tooling the car southward. The man was waving to him, pointing toward the sinister ship that was plastering him with slugs. But Masters had to figure out the puzzling situation before taking sides.

As he came around he saw another car suddenly emerge from an arroyo ahead of the man who was trying so desperately to avoid the rain of bullets from the plane. Then another car swung out on the road from behind a cluster of cactus, approaching the fleeing car from the rear.

"He's trapped!" muttered Masters as he saw a man rise and point a gun toward the car which was now hemmed in from both sides and from the air. "They'll—"

His eyes suddenly narrowed as he swept in low over the machine that had just come out of the arroyo. They blazed as he saw a brown-shirted figure fire three quick shots at the



trapped man. For there, gleaming in the sun, was the insignia that had brought death and destruction to the world! From an arm band the dread sign of Hitler's vultures blinked up at him like a challenge.

AS HE leveled out he caught a glimpse of that hated brand on the arm of the man driving the car. He knew Mexico was full of Nazi agents, some so brazen that they refused to work under cover. There below him were Hitler's advance guard—the men who were supposed to blaze the trail of the Swastika in the new world.

The Lone Eagle went berserk. He knew which side he was on now! He cared little who the man in the first car might be. That he was being attacked by Nazis was enough for him.

The cars were closing in on their victim as he zoomed. He could see the puffs as the wearers of the Swastika began to open up on their victim. He hit the top of the zoom, started to curl over in a dive. His head was already lowered, bending toward the sights when a cluster of lead snarled through his left wing. It wove a pattern of ugly black holes across the wing, marking a path of death toward the cockpit.

Kicking rudder, Masters hurled his ship off its course and glanced over his shoulder in time to see the black crate swing away and then come around to make another pass at him. The Lone Eagle was ready now.

The black ship came thundering down. Long lines of tracer suddenly began to uncurl before the ship's nose, stretch out with long writhing fingers, and begin to pluck at his wings.

Easing his stick over, Masters stamped hard on the rudder stirrups. The little Curtiss heeled over on one wing, its nose swept across the horizon. For one fleeting moment it held on the black job, not longer than it would take a man to draw a quick breath. But in that moment Masters

planted a nice little pattern of bullets across the cockpit cowlings of the mysterious stranger. He saw the glass fly and then fall toward the hot, sun-seared earth like a shower of diamonds.

Then the black job was gone. It was wheeling above him, poised for another attack. Masters' fist hit the throttle. His motor opened up with a surge of power, dragging the trim little low-wing fighter up and over in a loop. The pilot of the black job tried to catch him at the top, but Masters was too quick for him. He was around in a flash.

His guns were spewing lead again. His tracer caught hold of the black crate's nose, chewed at the prop a split second, then gnawed at the cowlings. The motor seemed to stutter. A white plume of smoke drifted back from a shattered port. Then the white changed to black as oil began to mingle with the vapor. The Nazi pilot had had enough. He turned tail and lurched toward the western hills, unraveling that telltale skein of smoke behind him.

Swiftly Masters turned his attention to the man on the ground. The driver was hurtling south with his motor wide open. Behind him the other two cars raised a cloud of dust as they sought to close in.

Masters eased his throttle back, shoved his stick forward and went down to the assistance of the man who had been attacked from all sides. He didn't know who he was, but the fact that these Swastika-branded hyenas were after him was enough for the Lone Eagle.

Hunching forward behind his glass cowlings he suddenly saw streams of jetting flame-spew out from the rear seat of the trailing car. The car ahead swerved crazily and almost crashed into a high bank, but somehow the driver managed to hold it on the road.

Masters was no more than eight hundred feet above the two speeding cars and could see their occupants



clearly. Three men were in the rear car—and they wore Nazi arm bands! One handled the wheel while the other two fired machine-guns over the top of the windshield.

**M**ASTERS stared at the lead car. There was only one man in it, a man in civilian clothes. His hat was gone and a shock of white hair was flying and whipping in the wind. Then two things happened in rapid succession.

The Storm Troopers opened fire on the fleeing car with renewed savagery. The man crouched over the wheel jerked sharply in the seat. The car swerved crazily off the road, tore straight through a cluster of cactus and careened wildly amongst the mesquite. It cracked against a rock, and bounced off and rolled over three times. The man at the wheel was thrown clear and lay motionless.

The second thing that happened was a double shower of death spewing up toward Masters' diving plane. The Nazis were giving him "orders" to go on about his business. Instantly he slipped out of their lines of concentrated fire. But no sooner was he in the clear than he wheeled over and down, engine roaring.

"Don't know what it's all about," he muttered, "but you guys are Huns, and that's good enough for me. Here, have some, yourselves!"

As Masters jabbed his trigger control trips forward and showered death downward, the death car had just reached the point in the road where the other car had swerved off to its destruction, and was starting to slow down. Masters' hail of hell changed the driver's mind in a flash. He gave the car everything it could stand and went rocketing along the road toward a protective arroyo, with the two in back firing furiously at Masters' low-flying plane.

The Yank grinned, tight-lipped, and lifted his aim so that his showers of nickel-jacketed lead were kicking

up dust directly in front of the speeding car. In two seconds it happened! The car raced right into that barrage of Browning slugs, and before brakes could be slammed on, the car swerved to the right and left as it was unmercifully raked from front bumper to rear bumper.

The driver died first. As he fell forward over the wheel the car skidded into a solid stone culvert, ramming it like a falling meteor striking earth. The impact bounced the car back onto the road, and the two in back tried to leap to safety. They might just as well have tried to leap back to Berlin.

The Lone Eagle shifted his aim slightly and hammered the two Nazis down onto the floorboards. When the car finally turned over and burst into flame, all three of its occupants were stone dead.

"Good driving in hell!" Masters grunted, ceased fire, and pulled up out of his dive.

He cut back toward where the other car had gone off the road. The huddled figure on the ground was moving. He pushed himself up on one knee and waved frantically. Masters cast a searching glance about the countryside. He saw nothing however to give rise to alarm.

"Maybe I'm a sucker," he muttered and eased off the throttle, "but, nuts, I can't just go off and leave the guy to die. Besides, you never can tell what this might mean. Especially in a cockeyed world like this."

A couple of moments later he brought the Curtiss down to a gentle landing close to the wounded man. He leaped out and ran over. The man was clutching at his blood-smeared chest. Masters dropped to one knee, whipped a small brandy flask from his pocket and held it to the lips of the man, who took a grateful sip, then coughed violently.

"Take it easy," Masters said soothingly. "Where are you hit? What was it all about, anyway?"





With a ripping of metal and wing fabric, the two ships were locked together (Chap. X)

The man shook off Masters' helping hands.

"Never mind me!" he gasped. "I am going to die. The dirty, cowardly dogs! After all I've done for their cause. The work I've done, the fortune in money I've spent. And I was wrong all the time. They are no good. They are worse than murderers. They. . . . But you must take word back to the United States! They must be warned. God curse the Nazis! They have betrayed me who served their cause so faithfully."

"Too late to curse them now," Masters said grimly. "Get hold of yourself, man! Who are you, and what are you trying to tell me?"

But the dying man could not speak. Masters considered the idea of at-

tempting to fly him back to the States, but the look of death was already creeping into the blood-spattered face.

"Hitler's legions!" the man gasped. "He has struck at Holland, at Belgium, and at France. After England, he is ready to strike at America. Nothing can stop him. Oh God! To think I have been helping him all these years! I am Dutch. . . . My name is—Jon Van Delft. I. . . . Hitler promised to give me time to take my family to America. . . . He didn't keep his promise. . . . I have done all I could in America, and so he casts me aside . . . laughed in my face when I begged him to let me return to my family. . . ."

"America?" Masters cut in sharply. "What about America?"



The dying man fixed glazed eyes on the flier's face.

"Your voice, your accent!" he mumbled. "You are American?"

"Damn right!" Masters barked. "What about the U.S? What have you been doing here?"

A blood-stained hand clutched at Masters, and a fierce, burning hatred lighted up the eyes of Jon Van Delft.

"They betrayed me, the dogs!" he cried. "They will murder my wife—my children! Well, I have a shot or two to fire myself—before I die. Go to your President . . . tell him . . . tell him. . . ."

A sudden rasping cough shook the Dutchman and made speech impossible. Masters grabbed hold of him, held him up, and gritted his teeth helplessly.

"Easy, easy, Van Delft!" he cautioned. "You've got to hang on long enough to tell me!"

"Yes, yes, I must!" the dying man whispered hoarsely. "I was in charge—all Fifth Column—activities in America. Your—war games. We planned to strike there. We—must stop America—from arming. There is Mexico, too. Bases—from Mexico. . . ."

The Dutchman suddenly stopped short and clutched at Masters with both hands. A terrible, soul-searing fear burned in his eyes.

"I must not die—yet!" he gasped. "I must live long enough to give you—warning. Tell your President—Captain Yancey—he is the—one. And Mrs.—Miller—she is the brains. The—she—tell your Presi—"

Death would not be refused. The Grim Reaper stretched forward his beckoning hand and snuffed out the life of a traitor who had tried to make restitution far too late. Masters barked at the man, shook him, but could not call back the dead. He started to stand up, but on impulse he swiftly went through the dead man's pockets, removed the contents and transferred them to his own.

There was no time for even a hasty examination, for as Masters got to his feet he spotted a Mexican highway patrol. He dare not let Mexico and the United States become involved over a question of neutrality. He broke into a fast sprint for his plane.

In a single leap he reached the pit and in a single motion of one hand he banged off the wheel brakes and rammed open the throttle. The plane leaped forward like a race-horse leaving the barrier, picked up speed in nothing flat and headed straight for the Border. He knew that the grim shadow of the Swastika was already falling across the United States.

## CHAPTER III

### *Patriot's Choice*



ES, SIR. I will attend to it at once. Good-by, Mr. President."

The U. S. Consul at Laredo broke the telephone connection and turned grave eyes toward Colonel Wilkie, U. S.

Military Attaché.

"We are to get in touch with a man named Masters, Colonel," he said. "Orders are for him to return to Washington at once. A serious situation has developed and Washington is of the opinion that Masters is the man who can give invaluable aid in the crisis. You know where he is?"

"I had a report from Mexico City that he was heading north," the colonel said. "I know Masters slightly. I know more of what he did for the Allies in the last war, and of what he has done for them in this war. He's the man in a pinch. But you say there exists a serious situation, sir?"

The consul lighted a cigarette and sat scowling out the window at the banks of the Rio Grande.

"The President didn't tell me everything," he said after a moment. "However, I could guess much. These war games mean a lot to us. They've never



been of such size before, and for the first time no foreign observers have been invited. But there seems to be a lot of *uninvited* ones about, and strange things are happening."

The consul paused, then spoke again in a low voice.

"Three things in particular," he said. "Murder, arson, and sabotage. Fortunately none of it has reached the press, but . . . Well, Colonel, Europe is not the only place where a Fifth Column is armed to the teeth and on the march. Anyway, the President wants this Masters to return home for duty under his own flag. He's supposed to be in Mexico, but he might be any place on the face of the globe. We've got to find him. You call the Mexican War Office, and I'll—"

The consul checked himself as the desk buzzer sounded. He flipped up the switch and took the call.

"A Mr. John Masters to see you, sir, without appointment," the little box amplifier said. "Shall I—"

"Ask him to step in at once, please," the consul cut short the question. Then, looking at the military attaché: "Fate seems to have spared us a lot of bother and trouble, thank God!"

A few seconds later the Lone Eagle was shaking hands with both of them.

"Hope I'm not butting into a conference of State, sir," he said to the consul, with a smile. "But I wanted to talk with you, so I took the chance I'd find you free."

"For which I'm glad, Masters," the consul replied. "The fact is, you've walked into a conference about yourself. Not ten minutes ago I had a phone call from Washington. I was instructed to locate you. In short, Uncle Sam needs you, Masters."

"Fifth Column activity, sir?" Masters asked, after a pause.

"Yes!" the consul said soberly. "Sit down, Masters. You, too, Colonel. Let's hear why you're here, first, Masters."

The Lone Eagle seated himself and

told of his recent flight up from Mexico City, and the death of Jon Van Delft.

"Jon Van Delft?" the consul interrupted just once. "You are sure? Why, I knew him quite well. We were both members of the Harvard Club. He was vice-president of the Holland-Atlantic Line. A big man in the maritime field."

"There's usually some influential man behind such things," Masters said dryly. "And he is one and the same person. The papers I took from his pockets proved it. Naturally Mexico will be asking questions about those dead men and the plane I took off in. That'll be your job. That's why I stopped over."

"Did you find anything except identification on this Hollander?" asked Colonel Wilkie.

"It's not so much what I found, as what it may mean," Masters said, and slipped a hand into his pocket. "Three items. One, his passport. One, a little map. One, a little notebook that's probably the most important of all."

**M**ASTERS placed the three objects on the consul's desk. He pushed the passport to one side as unimportant and smoothed out the map.

"Mean anything to you two?" he asked quietly.

Both the consul and Colonel Wilkie bent frowning over the small pencil-sketch map. The consul shook his head, but Colonel Wilkie studied it for a moment longer, then glanced up sharply at Masters.

"It looks to me like the section around Fort Benning, Georgia," he said. "I was on duty there for two years. And these dots and figures could be troop marks and movements."

"I figured it that way, too." Masters nodded. "I even checked it with a map of Georgia. That's the Fort Benning area right enough. And isn't it down Georgia way where the Fourth Corps Blues and the Provisional



Corps Reds are going to tangle in the war games?"

"Good Lord, but I'm stupid!" Colonel Wilkie exclaimed. "Yes, of course. In fact at Fort Benning they are to work out the famous Maneuver Twenty-seven—the tactical problem of light, fast motorized units against heavy tank defense. Why—why, this maneuver map must be the one that was taken from Captain Stern! Now you find it down here in Mexico!"

"Yeah, it's a small world, right enough," Masters said grimly. "I take it off a dead Dutchman some three thousand miles from Washington. Now, this little book. Yes, it has lots of phone numbers, even though Van Delft was almost sixty. However, here's one little item you might take a look at it. It's even dated. The ninth of last month. Looks like a report of some kind he jotted down so's he wouldn't forget. And then did forget to rub it out."

Masters turned to a page in the little pocket notebook that read:

April Ninth

Mrs. Miller . . . Friends of Russia . . . 5,000  
 . . . Seventy-five per cent equipped.  
 Carl Luntz . . . German Club, Philadelphia  
 . . . 2,000 . . . Training completed and  
 arms at hand.  
 Antonio Relli . . . New Italy Club . . . 6,000  
 . . . equipped, but mostly boys . . . training  
 needed.  
 Hermann Moss . . . Manager of Bund Summer  
 Camps . . . (?)

A queer strangled sound came from the consul.

"It—it is incredible!" he murmured, as he wiped a hand across his forehead. "I know two of those people, at least to speak to. And two of them by reputation. Luntz is a prominent Philadelphia banker—president of that city's German Club. It was very exclusive at one time. I was given an honorary membership some years ago, but never used it. Relli, as most everybody knows, is a member of the Metropolitan Opera, and a philanthropist prominently interested in

struggling youth. Mrs. Miller, so I understand, is a wealthy White Russian with an American name by marriage. And Hermann Moss is of course with the Bund. But why that question mark?"

"It's obvious Van Delft had his doubts about Moss, sir," Colonel Wilkie said. "Only two weeks ago Moss was picked up for un-American activities. He'll be out of circulation for three years. They got him on income tax evasion. . . . But tell me, Masters, does this little book contain that other name Van Delft spoke? I mean, Captain Yancey?"

"No," the Lone Eagle said, with a shake of his head. "I gathered that Yancey is one of the leaders and worked with Van Delft. This little book, though, seems to be dynamite. I guess I'd better hustle it right up to Washington."

**T**HAT call I mentioned was from the President, Masters," the consul said. "It was about you, and some of the things you've just spoken about. I wasn't given details, but certain factions are trying to wreck the United States military machine through the medium of murder, arson, and sabotage. You're wanted up there, and wanted bad. The President made the request, personally. You can safely leave it to me to explain to the Mexicans about those wrecked cars and dead men."

Masters shook his head.

"It's an honor to get such a request from the President," he said. "But it certainly has me guessing. I wonder why he sent for me. There's a raft of lads in the U.S. who have forgotten more about Intelligence work than I'll ever know. Just the same, it makes me feel good, if you know what I mean."

"That's your modesty, Masters." The consul grinned. "Anyway, you better refuel your ship and head north. And by the way, I'll tip the Mexican government off about that



black plane. May locate its base. I'll also wire these names on to Washington in code."

"Okay," replied Masters, putting the book and map in his pocket. "I'll be shoving off."

## CHAPTER IV

### *Chattering Doom*



THE Hawk's engine droned off to a low-toned purr, as Masters eased the little ship down through the air toward Mitchell Field. He had intended to land at Washington, but a crisp order had come through his earphones suggesting that he land at the Long Island field first.

All the way up from Laredo he had been puzzling, trying to place the identity of a swarthy-skinned man who had taken a sudden interest in him back there on the gravelly level of the Border field. Two or three times the man had attempted to strike up conversation with the Lone Eagle, but the American had had too many other vitally important things on his mind.

There was no time to talk to strangers, especially when the man might be an agent of the Mexican government who might delay his departure for Washington if the strange events out on the desert road could be pinned on him. At last now, the wheels of the pursuit ship set down and rolled toward the apron.

"Back home, and come what may," he murmured as he unstrapped his 'chute and prepared to crawl out of the narrow cockpit. He glanced around at the khaki uniforms. "Wouldn't be surprised to see that dark-skinned guy around here. He sure was interested in me. Like to have had time to check on him."

A soldier stepped up to him as he dropped to the ground.

"Mr. Masters?" he asked.

The Lone Eagle's eyes narrowed, but he nodded.

"There is a car waiting for you over by the Operation's office," said the soldier. "May I take your bag, sir?"

Masters shook his head, picked up the little traveling case and followed the soldier across the field toward the waiting car. A civilian was seated in back, but his face was turned as the soldier opened the door for Masters. The Lone Eagle hesitated, his eyes fixed on the man who kept his face averted.

"Get in, Grandpa! Haven't got rheumatism in your old age, have you?"

As the man spoke he turned his face and grinned. The Lone Eagle gaped pop-eyed for a second, then let out a whoop that made the waiting soldier start. For the civilian was Phil Warren, one of Masters' closest pals in the first World War! It would have taken the fingers of a thousand hands to count the number of times they had roamed the bloody skies together, faced death, laughed at the Grim Reaper, and shoved him out of the way.

An Armistice which never should have happened had parted them. And now Fate had brought them together again.

"Phil!" Masters shouted as he leaped into the car. "You old Cognac nippler! Howzit, Phil?"

Warren signaled the driver to get the car under way, then gave Masters a stern look.

"A little more respect, Mister. You're talking to Major Warren of Air Intelligence, and for the moment attached to General Staff."

Masters grinned. "Then it was you that issued the order for me to land at Mitchell instead of Bolling. How come?"

"Thought it would be better," Phil said quietly. "Somebody's been asking questions around the field about a single-seater on its way up from Laredo. Thought it might be better for



you to come on up here. I've got a ship over at Newark. We'll fly back in that."

"Then you're the one responsible for me being called up here? Give me some details."

"Later, John," said Warren. "Yes, I yelled bloody murder until the higher-ups consented to send for you. In short, I'm quite a bright little fellow at my game, but I can be twice as bright when I'm working as a part of the old Masters-Warren combination. Now suppose you give me some first-hand information about that show when the Nazis had a fool idea they could blast the Panama Canal. You did a swell job in that show, John. Too bad you couldn't get R-Forty-seven while you were cleaning up."

AS THE car sped toward where an Air Corps plane was waiting, Masters and Warren reminisced. It wasn't until they were aboard the speedy cabin ship and Warren, at the controls, was sticking it up off the ground into the gathering shadows of night that conversation came back to the present.

"It must have been just about the time Van Delft was passing out, John," Warren remarked, "that I won my battle for your help." He grinned as he saw Masters' startled face. "Hold it! The whole story in code was cabled by Colonel Wilkie. And those names you found in that little book were quite a bombshell, I can tell you."

"Anything been done about it?" Masters asked.

"Everything and nothing," Warren said with a scowl. "It was easy to find Moss. He's in Atlanta doing time. The two other gents and the Russian lady just don't seem to be around. They were yesterday, though."

As the full meaning of Warren's words hit him Masters sat up straight in the seat.

"Holy smoke! You mean—"

"Right on the old button," Warren said grimly. "There's a leak somewhere. Maybe right in Washington. That gives you an idea of what we're up against. Though the details of your little adventure were in code, somebody was able to warn the parties concerned so's they could take it on the wing. Raids were made on the homes of all three persons and on Van Delft's apartment, but nothing was found. The German Club and the New Italy Club were also raided, but they had been cleaned out. They beat us to the punch."

"What about the maneuvers in Georgia?" Masters asked. "Just what has been happening?"

"Plenty!" Warren said through clenched teeth. "Three officers with maneuver orders have been found murdered, and the orders missing. Three bridges have been blown up while troops were passing over them. A hangar with four of the new Curtiss P-Forty jobs inside was burned to the ground in nothing flat. We found the charred body of the guard with a Luger bullet in his skull. Three anti-aircraft guns exploded while shooting blank shells during the night air maneuvers. We found a cache of home-made bombs within twenty yards of the Blue Army H.Q. Attempts also have been made to poison some of the field kitchen grub."

"Good Lord!" breathed Masters.

"Not so long ago they hauled an army car out of the Potomac," Warren said. "In it was the body of Captain Stern, who had drawn up the war games plans. Yeah, the whole plan of the games stolen a month before they start! As a precaution they have been changed some, but not enough, unfortunately, in the opinion of many. Thank God the press has been barred from the games. The public mustn't know until we've smashed this ring of rats. There'd be hell to pay if what's happened should leak out."

"Politicians, eh?" Masters murmured.



"I mean nothing else but!" Warren said savagely. "But you'd better hear that story from the chief—General Marsh, Chief of Staff, to you. He's a swell guy, and—"

**W**ARREN suddenly cut himself off short and peered out the window into the night. The ship was over New Jersey, rushing southward at full speed. The lights of Philadelphia were a dull glow on the far horizon.

"Did you see anything just then?" Warren asked.

"Nope," Masters said. "What did you think you saw?"

"Quess I've got the jumps," Warren growled. "I would almost swear, though, that I got the flash of engine exhaust off there to the left. Probably an American Airlines transport heading north. What were we talking about?"

"General Marsh. I know him, too. A damn good man. Listen, Phil—know anything on this Captain Yancey? Who's he?"

"A louse, a rat, and a killer!" Warren replied, tight-lipped. "Also a phantom. A guy who doesn't exist."

"That's all I needed to know!" Masters clipped. "I'll pick him up just as soon as we have landed. What the devil do you mean?"

Warren took one hand off the controls to make a hopeless gesture.

"A dozen people I've talked with say they have met this Captain Yancey, John," Warren said. "His description is never the same. Five of those who have met him are now dead. No proof that this mysterious Yancey killed them, but each told me they would die if Yancey found out they were giving me information. I'm positive that this Yancey is the Mr. Big of all that's been happening. Also that his name isn't Yancey. But, the louse is clever, and—"

Phil Warren never finished the rest of that sentence. For at that moment wings came screaming down out of the black sky. Perhaps Warren's sixth sense warned him, or perhaps he acted instinctively when the savage yammer of Browning aerial machine-guns clattered against his eardrums. At any rate he slammed the controls over and jumped on right rudder with all his might.

"Hang on, John!" he bellowed. "Here we go!"

But the Lone Eagle had already braced himself against the vicious lurch of the ship slapping over and down. And as the plane half rolled earthward both heard the throat-tightening sounds of death bullets

[Turn page]

## From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---



**3** Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine. Just watch me go after those birds today!



**1** Muffed two important sales today. Had no pep—just couldn't get going! Wonder if I hadn't better take a laxative—been putting it off too long.



**2** Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I turned in for the night. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me—just like chocolate!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢





pounding through the tail section of the plane.

As soon as the ship was on its way down, the Lone Eagle, holding by one hand, jerked back the cabin window, stuck his head out and looked back up. Against the faint glow cast upon the low clouds by the lights of Philadelphia he saw the dim outline of a plane swinging around to dive and attack again. A split second later it was in its dive and four streams of jetting red flame were spewing downward.

By then, though, Warren had completed his escape dive. He sent the cabin ship skidding off to the side, then pulled it up in a long zooming climbing turn. Masters cursed softly.

"This damn crate's not armed!" he cried.

"No fixed guns!" Warren yelled above the howl of the engine. "There's a portable gun fitted to the rack in back of you. Get a look at him?"

"A Curtiss reconnaissance job, I think!" the Lone Eagle shouted back, and swiveled around in his seat. "Get altitude and I'll throw something into him, the bum!"

**A**S THOUGH to punctuate Masters' words, the sky above once more yammered out Browning sound. Bullets drummed against the metal engine cowling and only by the grace of God, plus perfect maneuvering of the ship, did Warren managed to skip away before the streams of bullets drummed down on top of the glass cabin roof.

"He means business!" Warren barked. "Hang on! I'm heading for the clouds where we can lose him."

"No, damn it!" Masters barked, and braced himself against the window. "I spot him now. Give us a fake left wing-over and then smash us the other way. I should have him in cold meat position!"

Before Masters had finished, Warren was banging the cabin ship through the maneuver. With both

hands gripping the portable machine-gun, and the muzzle stuck out through the open window, the Lone Eagle fixed his gaze on a moving flicker of exhaust flame in the black sky and waited, body rigid and tensed.

The wing-over to the left brought the flicker of flame closer. Then when Warren reversed the controls and dime-spun around in the opposite direction, the sharp silhouette of a Curtiss reconnaissance plane, flying broadside, was less than fifty yards away.

"Not tonight, tramp!" Masters grated, as he slapped up the portable machine-gun and tightened his trigger finger.

The gun hammered out sound and bullets. The other plane seemed to leap sideward in the air. Then its nose tilted upward. Masters tightened his trigger finger again. The silhouetted plane tilted down by the nose, slid crazily off to the right, and fell into a sluggish spin. The Lone Eagle stopped shooting.

"Got him!" he grunted, and dropped back on the seat. "Follow him down, Phil. I'm curious."

"The same old dead shot!" Warren said admiringly. "Boy, that was neat. Picking them off on the wing, and how! But what do you think, John?"

Masters did not answer. He sat rigid in the seat, watching the slowly spinning plane. And he didn't answer because he didn't know just what to think. Fresh from bloody skies where it was all in a day's work to be shot at any time of day or night, and from any and every surprise angle, his movements now had been instinctive, automatic.

But with the bullet-riddled ship spinning earthward, realization hit him like a bucket of cold water. This was not France—or Holland—or Belgium! This was the U.S.A! Twenty miles ahead was Philadelphia, and seventy miles behind was New York City. Yet winged death had sliced down out of the sky. Death bullets



had tried to snuff out his own and Warren's lives. And over neutral, peace-loving America he, the Lone Eagle, had just shot down a plane! It seemed crazy, cockeyed, and screwy.

"You've got a witness in case we've made a mistake, John!" came Warren's voice, as though the Intelligence major had read Masters' thoughts. "But that was no mistake! The guy in that plane tried to get us—and damn near did. *Oops!* There he hits! I'm going to drop a landing flare!"

Masters' eyes has not left the spinning plane. He saw it swipe the top of a tree, skid crazily off to the left, then hit solid ground half on the nose and half on the left wing. He held his breath in fear that tongues of red and orange flame would burst skyward from the wreck. The pilot, however, must have managed to snap off the ignition switch and haul back the throttle, for the crash did not catch fire. In the glow of Warren's landing flare, floating down, it looked like some huge broken-winged silver bird.

**T**HE plane had struck the only tree within a hundred yards, a tree that was square in the middle of a good-sized level field into which Warren brought the ship down to an easy landing.

Before the wheel brakes had brought it to a full stop Masters kicked open the cabin door and jumped to the ground. Running across the field to the wrecked ship, he began hauling back the section of crumpled wing that had folded back over the front and rear cockpits.

The rear cockpit was empty, but in the front pit a lifeless figure was jammed forward against the instrument panel. A small blue hole in the left temple told Masters the story. The pilot of that ship had died instantly, but a swift study of that hole told Masters it had not been made by any bullet from his portable machine-gun. The hole was much too small.

A sharp exclamation escaped Masters as he looked at the face of the dead man. He stood staring at it until Warren barked the question in his ear.

"You know him, John?"

Masters nodded absently.

"Yeah, in a way," he grunted. "This guy was hanging around the field at Laredo. Tried to make cheap talk a dozen times. I was too busy and gave him the frosty shoulder."

As Masters and Warren stared hard at each other, the same thought was in both minds. Warren swore, and voiced the thought.

"Tailed all the way from the Border!" he breathed. "Didn't want you to reach Washington, but this was his first chance to try to down you!"

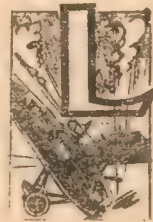
"And had a pal in this ship with him," Masters said. "Somebody has been in that rear seat. The cushions are still warm. Besides, I didn't kill this guy. I hit his engine and sent him into the spin. But the guy in back put a gun to his temple, and pulled the trigger. We missed seeing him bail out in the darkness. The louse, the dirty rat! Killed his hired help so he'd be sure not to survive the crash."

"And I can guess who is a rat like that," Warren grunted.

"I guess the mysterious Captain Yancey, myself," Masters said.

## CHAPTER V

### *The Rats Gnaw*



**L**IEUTENANT PARKS, aide-de-camp to General Marsh, Chief of Staff, glanced up quickly as the outer office door opened. A frown changed to a smile as he recognized Major Phil Warren. He got up from his desk and came forward.

"General Marsh is waiting, Major," he said. "And in something of a stew. What happened? I thought your ap-



pointment was for a couple of hours ago."

As the aide spoke he let his eyes sweep politely over Warren's companion. John Masters returned the gaze with equal politeness.

"The trolley came off the wire, Parks," Warren said sourly. "I phoned the general. . . . By the way, meet John Masters. John, this is Lieutenant Parks, right-hand man to the general."

Parks' eyes widened as he shook hands.

"Masters?" he echoed. "Why, I thought you were in Europe. I'm mighty glad to meet you, sir."

"Thanks, Lieutenant." The Lone Eagle grinned, and let it go at that.

The next instant the inner office door opened and the tall, well knit figure of General Marsh stood framed in the doorway.

Lieutenant Parks hurried back to his desk, and Warren and the Lone Eagle went forward. The chief of staff stepped back to allow them entrance. Then he quickly closed the door and grasped Masters' hand.

"I'm glad to see you any time, Masters," he said, and smiled tightly. "But doubly glad this time. Sit down, both of you. You had no luck, I take it?"

The question was directed at Warren, who shook his head sadly.

"None, sir," he said. "We searched the countryside with the aid of the local police, and found nothing. Not even his parachute. Obviously he buried it. I instructed the local police captain to continue the search, and to notify us if any suspicious persons were picked up."

"Which means you'll receive a thousand phone calls," Masters said, and grinned. "The police have a field day when the order is to pick up suspicious characters."

General Marsh nodded. "Now, Masters, will you please tell me your story? Don't leave out a single detail. Tell me every slightest thing you can

remember about your encounter on the Border country when Van Delft was killed."

Five minutes later the Lone Eagle sat back in his chair and lighted a cigarette. General Marsh scowled down at Van Delft's passport, the penciled map, and the little book. He thumbed through the book slowly, showed interest in a page now and then, but finally put it to one side.

"You're sure you've left out nothing?" he asked slowly.

"Nothing, sir," Masters said. Then, leaning forward: "You received all that by code, didn't you?"

"That's correct," Marsh said. "Why do you ask?"

The Lone Eagle hesitated a moment.

"Perhaps we have the same thought in mind, General," he said. "The attack made upon Warren and myself tonight. The lad who followed me all the way from Mexico. I believe the ring leaders in this plot against our country tried to put me out of the picture because they fear I possess some information which was not included in the wire from the consul. Something I would only report by word of mouth."

"Exactly what I was thinking," the general said frankly. "I only wish you did have something else to report. However, it is a point in our favor. They may hole up for a spell, which will give us a chance to get organized. I doubt it, though. Now is the best time for them to get in their most destructive work."

"Let me ask this," Masters spoke up. "Just who do you mean by 'they', General?"

**T**HE chief of staff swung around and pointed a finger at the American flag on the rear wall.

"Anybody, regardless of color, race or creed, who does not believe sincerely, heart, body and soul, in all that stands for!" he said in a ringing voice. "And let us not kid ourselves.



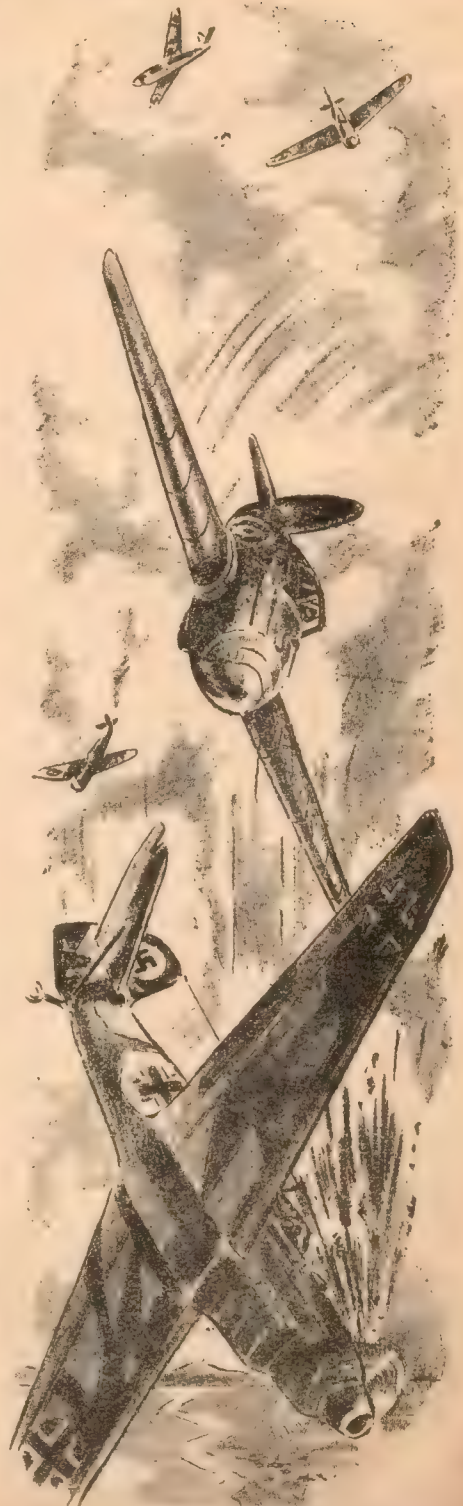
There are thousands of that breed within our borders. They are made up of not one but several nationalities. The whole world has been envious of the United States for years. Thousands have flocked to our shores, accepted all the advantages we have to offer. Many have become citizens—but in theory only. In their black hearts they dream of the day when they can wipe us off the earth and gobble up all that our forefathers bled and died to create and preserve. They call their organizations by a variety of names, but the evil dream is the same, the objective the same."

The general pressed his two clenched fists against the desk. Then, with eyes flashing, he jerked up one hand and pointed a quivering finger in the direction of Capital Hill.

"There are men up there who would be shocked at these words," he said. "Honest, decent, America-loving citizens—but men who are blind, who refuse to see. Yes, they would raise heaven and earth to have me kicked out of my post, and perhaps put away in a nut house for trying to stir up a nation-wide panic. But as I sit here at this desk, I swear that there are forces at work throughout this country whose only desire is to crush America, smash it, and divide up the spoils!"

The general suddenly relaxed, and for a moment he looked like a tired old man who had been butting his head against an invisible brick wall for a long, long time—and simply increased his headache.

"You see, Masters, that is what makes this job so damnably difficult," he said presently. "If we could awake the American public to our peril, our task would be half done. Perhaps that day will come. Perhaps the dawn is already here, now that the Nazis are blasting the shores of England, our last bulwark against Hitler. I hope to God that is true. But in the meantime we have got to fight this under-the-surface army and beat it. And do it



Yancey went plummeting earthward, slumped in his bullet-riddled cockpit. (Chap. XIV)



without bringing down political and public scorn on our heads."

"It's not just your branch of the service that's tackling this thing, is it?" Masters asked.

"No, and thank God for that!" General Marsh said grimly. "All of the Government Intelligence agencies, including the F.B.I., are lined up. But that's another difficult point. We have to work individually, and quietly, else a howl of criticism may go up from Capitol Hill. You know as well as I do how certain people can yell about the waste of money, about dictatorships, and the persecution of personal liberties, when actually you are fighting against those very same things."

"It's a scrap, but we'll win it," Masters said quietly. "Major Warren has given me a picture of what's been happening. . . . And about that stuff on your desk, General. I'd suggest that every phone number and name be checked thoroughly. I suppose you're already searching for this Mrs. Miller, and Luntz, and Relli, and of course the mysterious Captain Yancey."

"Yes, but under cover." Marsh nodded. "We can't plaster their pictures all over the country and enlist the aid of every police department. Actually we have not a shred of proof they are not loyal Americans. Nothing but this little book. And you can guess what a good defense lawyer would do to it. No, we've got to find them quietly, and collect evidence a twelve-inch shell couldn't dent."

"What is your plan?" Masters asked.

**T**HE general's shoulders sagged. "Frankly," he muttered, "I hoped you would have what these ring-leaders fear you have—something we could sail into with fists flying. Now we will have to start from scratch again, I'm afraid."

"Not quite, sir," Warren spoke up. "The motorized units and the air units are to get their big workout in the Sabine River Valley games in Texas.

And we have an inkling that sabotage will be attempted, particularly against the air units. If I may make a suggestion, why not send Masters to one of the air units as a relief pilot? One of the Curtiss P-Forty squadrons, as that is the latest type ship we have."

"And then what?" Masters asked.

Warren looked him straight in the eye, and the words he spoke were underscored with marked sincerity.

"Put our chips on you," he said. "I've never seen you fail to finish first."

"Thanks, Phil," the Lone Eagle said quietly. "Naturally I'll do my damndest."

"I think it's a good idea to have you down there on the scene," General Marsh said. "There's nothing to be done around here. Besides, I'm leaving tonight for my H.Q. at Beckville, Texas. The Ninety-fifth Pursuit is there. I'll arrange for you to join it. You'd better attach yourself to Ninety-five, too, Major. Then if Masters gets his teeth in something, you'll be on hand to help."

"A good idea, sir," Warren said. Then, turning to Masters: "There'll be a P-Forty job waiting for you at Bolling Field. Take this key to my quarters out there. You'll find a uniform that'll fit you. I'm not leaving for Beckville until tomorrow, but you can leave whenever you want."

"No time like the present," Masters said, rising. "Think I'll take a stroll about Washington, then head for the field."

"You've got a thought, Masters?" General Marsh asked quickly.

"Not a one," the Lone Eagle replied. "But I do want to think over this thing, and I think better when I'm walking. Well, I'll see you in Beckville, General. And—well, good luck to all of us."

The Lone Eagle took his departure, smiled at Lieutenant Parks in the outer office, then went out of the War Department Building onto the night-shadowed streets of Washington. And



as he walked along, hands sunk in his pockets and brows furrowed in thought, the war gods laughed gleefully and nudged each other.

"We've got the great Lone Eagle this time!" they whispered. "Got him cold!"

## CHAPTER VI

### *Water for a Grave*



DISTANT clock striking two in the morning dragged Masters back from the depths of his merry-go-round reverie. He stopped walking, looked about and saw that he was on a badly lighted street in the poor section of the captial. A section of the Potomac paralleled the street. In fact, a three-foot stone wall was all that separated the sidewalk from the river twenty feet below.

Masters went over to the wall, leaned against it, and stared across the river at the faint clusters of light on the Virginia side. He sighed heavily, gave a little shake of his head, and drummed his fingers on the top of the wall.

"Starting from scratch is right!" he muttered softly. "I've tackled some tough assignments in my time, but this one is tops. Not a blasted thing to go on. And even at that we've got to watch our step or public opinion will start tearing down the house. At least in France a guy knew who his enemies were!"

He shook his head again and started walking. A couple of blocks down was an all-night newsstand. He bought a paper and looked at the headlines. What he read made his blood boil and the fires of rage flame in his brain. The Nazis were pounding London to a mass of smoldering debris. The English were getting no rest.

Masters cursed softly and flung the paper into the gutter. A million and one tantalizing thoughts plagued his

brain. How were his friends overseas making out? Were they dead or alive? He pictured the constant patrol work they were doing, the dog-fights, the ground strafes, and the bomb raids across the Channel.

If England fell—what then? Masters knew the answer. The greedy, blood-stained hand of Hitler would soon be reaching across the Atlantic.

He stopped by the wall again and stared up at the twinkling stars.

"And here I am, thousands of miles away," he said bitterly. "Sure, I've got a bigger job here, and I realize it. But where to begin? I can't let Phil down, or the general, or any who realize the peril we face. Yet, holy smoke, I can't pull rabbits out of a hat, either! If there was just one little thing. Just a little something besides a blind-goose flight to Beckville!"

He had turned to hunt up a taxi stand when suddenly the alarm bell sounded deep within him. But he had no time to get set. Two shadowy forms came rushing in at him, one from either side. He had the crazy impression of being caught between two locomotives colliding head-on. Colored stars burst in his brain, and the roar of the world splitting apart sounded in his ears.

Instinct, and instinct alone, made him go limp and sag toward the sidewalk. But hardly had he started to sag than he unleashed the coiled springs in his legs and straightened up swiftly. At the same time he lashed out savagely to right and left.

His left fist sliced thin air, but his heart thrilled at the sharp pain that streaked up his right arm when that fist met solid jaw bone. There was a gasping gurgle of pain, and Masters saw one of the shadowy figures go stumbling backward.

Then a snarling human jackal was charging him again. In the bad light Masters caught the glint of steel descending. He ducked and dodged, but felt the keen blade slice the left sleeve of his coat from shoulder to wrist.



Half bent over, he kicked backward with one foot. It caught somebody square in the belly, and there was a snarl of blind rage.

"*Schweinhund!* Karl, he is a devil! Your gun!"

The back kick had thrown Masters off balance. He dropped on all fours on the sidewalk. In the next split second it was as though the darkened building across the street had dropped down on his back. He groaned and clenched his teeth against the pain, and twisted sharply. The toe of a boot caught him in the throat and for one terrible second the whole world became one great roaring hell that tried to blast his brain out.

**H**ANDS grabbing hold of him dragged him back to consciousness. He struggled furiously in the grip of steel that encircled him.

"Curse you, Karl, give him the knife!"

Masters jerked his head back and threw his arms outward and upward. The grip of steel was broken and the Lone Eagle hurled himself to the side as a slashing blade of steel missed his chest by the fraction of an inch.

"He is like an eel!" came a panting voice. "The knife, Karl!"

The Lone Eagle pivoted toward the sound of the voice in back of him. He saw a crouching, blurred shadow. He moved forward like a streak of light and slammed out his right fist with every ounce of his one hundred and ninety-six pounds behind the blow. No sooner had he landed than he let fly with the left to the same spot. There was no outcry—just a soft sigh and the swishing sound made by the victim's body crumpling to the sidewalk.

Masters spun around on the balls of his feet to meet the attack from the other side.

"Now!" gritted a voice.

A blur moved with the speed of a striking cobra. The Lone Eagle ducked and twisted and brought up

his right. He felt it crack against an upraised right wrist. He heard a howl of pain, and saw the shimmering blade of steel go flying from clutching fingers and arc over the river wall and down.

But that did not stop the charging man. He lunged forward, lashed down viciously with his left fist. It was impossible for the Lone Eagle to move back fast enough. His own vicious blow had carried him forward on the balls of his feet. Something hard and smooth cracked down on the side of his neck. It was as though every muscle cord in his body had been sliced in two, and his joints filled with jelly.

He couldn't move—couldn't move a muscle to stop the dead weight that was his body from slipping to the sidewalk. A voice snarled a curse and he was kicked savagely in the chest and ribs, but he felt no pain. Suddenly everything had become as a dream, or a memory of conflict long ago. A dull red haze filmed his eyes, and his brain refused to function.

Then without warning the curtain was drawn aside. He had been hoisted up on the wall. The edge of the stones cut into his back. The pain had set his senses to working again. He stifled a groan and tried to roll off onto the sidewalk. For his efforts he received a stunning blow on top of the head.

"No you don't, *Schweinhund!*" came a voice from a hundred miles away.

Masters threw up both hands, clutched an arm and hung onto it hard, trying to use it as a lever to twist his body off the wall. His head and shoulders were hanging over the water side. He kicked out with both feet but they touched nothing. Red and orange flame spurted square into his face, and sound virtually split his head in two parts. The arm was wrenched from his grasp and he felt himself go toppling over backward.

Wildly he flung out his tired arms, touched stone, slippery stone that was wet and smooth as polished



steel. It seemed as though he had been falling down into the dark void for a year. He tried desperately to twist so that he would hit the water in a dive.

Then his shoulder hit solid rock and white pain ripped through his body. And dark, cold water closed over him.

Down, down he plunged into its depths. His lungs strained for air and his head reeled. It was all he could do to push out with his hands and stop the plunge and plane himself up to the surface. When he broke water he found himself under a jagged rock that extended from the base of the stone wall bank. He was about to swim out from under it and seek a place where he could climb up when he suddenly saw a circle of light moving about over the water not five yards away.

Careful not to cause a single ripple, he felt over the underside of the jutting rock with his hands. He found two cracks just wide enough for him to hook his fingertips in, and hung there motionless as the disc of light moved back and forth across the river bank. Then came a voice.

"And that is the end of the Lone Eagle! I saw my bullet go straight into his forehead. You need not worry about him any more."

"I would be happier if I could see his body," replied another voice—the voice of a woman! A low, throaty voice that cut through the Lone Eagle's brain like a red-hot knife.

In his amazement he almost lost his precious hold on the rock. In that moment the pains that stabbed all parts of his body like hundreds of red-hot needles were forgotten. He held his breath and strained his ears.

"He is dead, you need have no fear," said the man. "But he fought like a tiger, I can tell you. Look at Karl, there. He is still sleeping."

"And get him away quickly!" said the woman in a tone that bespoke unchallenged authority. "You were a fool to use the gun. It might have brought a stupid policeman. Take

Karl away and... No! The fool failed, and those who fail must pay. Pick him up and throw him over the wall!"

"*Lieber Gott!*" the man gasped. "You mean—"

"You have your orders! Obey! And let it be a lesson to you never to fail!"

A moment later a dead weight hit the water and spray drenched Masters' face. For a fleeting moment he saw the shape in the water, face down. Then the current caught it and took it away in the night. He clenched his teeth tight to choke back an impulsive curse.

"That is better," came the voice of the woman again. "Now return to your headquarters and stand ready. I am leaving at once for San Saba for a meeting with the Committee. The one known as Yancey is leaving, too. What happens at Beckville within the next few days will tell us whether the swine learned more from that dog, Van Delft. If not, then... Come! My car. Someone is approaching!"

There was a brief scurry of feet, the soft purr of a high-powered car getting under way, and then the silence that blended the million and one noises of a metropolitan night.

The Lone Eagle relaxed his half-numbed fingers and let the upper half of his body slide down into the water. He even went all the way under before he made any attempt to tread water on the surface. He heard footsteps, heavy, plodding footsteps—a policeman pounding his beat.

**F**OR a second Masters was tempted to call out, but checked the urge. To be rescued by a policeman would mean publicity no matter how hard he argued and pleaded. And publicity was the last thing in the world he wanted at the moment. To certain parties John Masters was dead, his stiff body on its way to the Chesapeake and the open Atlantic. And so John Masters was going to stay dead until it served his purpose to be resurrected.



Keeping close to the stone wall he waited until the policeman's footsteps died away. Then he swam slowly along the wall until he reached a spot where the stone work was not smooth. Reaching up he caught hold and pulled himself out of the water. Then, playing the human fly, he made full use of his toes and fingertips and went up the jagged wall surface an inch at a time. Finally he was high enough to hook an arm over the top and pull himself up onto the top of the wall.

With his strength at complete low ebb, he was content to roll across the flat top of the wall and let his body drop down onto the sidewalk. There he lay like a dead man for several moments, doggedly fighting off the wave of oblivion that tried to engulf him, and dragging fresh air and new strength into his lungs.

Finally he forced himself up onto his feet and leaned against the wall. His head as well as his body was one enormous ache, but his brain was crystal clear. The voice of that woman above him in the darkness had kept his brain clear despite the pains that sliced through him.

That voice! He could hear it on Forty-second Street and Broadway, he could hear it in the heart of a desert, or in the jungle, or any place in the world and he would recognize it instantly. It was the voice of death, and destruction, and ruthless slaughter, and of his most hated enemy in all the world.

*Fraulein* von Zender was her name, but the wars of the world knew her better as just R-47. In the First World War her mother had staked her cunning, her daring, and her diabolical genius for the murderous cause of Wilhelm of Hohenzollern, and she had failed. It had been John Masters, the Lone Eagle, who had smashed the mother's death-dealing plans at every turn.

With the coming of the armistice in Nineteen-eighteen, their enmity had not ceased. It had only been post-

poned because, when an Austrian house painter trampled over broken and bleeding bodies to power and started his war to wipe civilization from the face of the earth, the Lone Eagle had gone to the aid of the Allies. R-47 had offered her daughter to create human slaughter for *der Fuehrer*. And the younger R-47 was more ruthless, more daring than her mother had ever thought of being.

"So she's here, in the States!" Masters breathed fiercely. "I figured she'd head back North. No wonder the rats have made such headway. No wonder they've been clever enough not to be caught. They have the brains of that she-devil to guide them."

The Lone Eagle turned his head in the direction the high-powered car had taken. His eyes became gleaming agate, and his jaw muscles bunched.

"Okay, R-Forty-seven!" he muttered. "Pick up the first trick—it's yours. But play your cards damn close from now on. And I hope you believe in ghosts because you're probably going to meet one sooner or later. Yeah, maybe at that Committee meeting in San Saba, Texas. And how, you girl friend of Satan!"

The Lone Eagle pushed away from the wall above the dark waters that were supposed to be his grave, and went hurrying off toward another rendezvous with death.

## CHAPTER VII

### *San Saba Surprise*



LEAR dawn sun shed its golden glow upon the hills and plains of Texas, the Lone Star State. At some ten thousand feet above that huge slice of land rich in material treasure and rich in history, a lone Waco "Speedwing" cut through the air southwestward toward the Rio Grande.

In the pit was John Masters. His eyes looked dull and tired from the



long grind in the upper air, but in their depths glowed the fierce light of determination. In his heart was a sense of grim happiness. Happiness because once more the Lone Eagle was on the wing. On the wing, and on his own.

One hour after he had dragged his weary body from the uninviting waters of the Potomac, he had rented the fleet private plane he now flew. It was fully equipped for night flying, including a radio. The only thing he regretted was that it did not possess a couple of good Browning machine-guns. However, he could not expect that in a rented ship, and the plan he was now carrying out called for a rented ship.

For the good and sufficient reason that the Lone Eagle was going to stay "dead" for awhile, he had not gone to Bolling Field to pick up the powerful Curtiss P-40 that awaited him. That he picked up a P-40 might reach certain ears, and that could kill his plan before it was even under way. And so he had rented a ship under another name, got into dry clothes, and with an automatic in his pocket, had taken off.

Leaning forward, he studied the horizon-to-horizon panorama below, then checked certain parts of it with the aero map tacked to the cockpit board. He nodded with satisfaction.

Tapping rudder he swerved a few degrees south, flew a bee-line course for some ten minutes, then eased back

the throttle and pushed the nose down. Dead ahead, almost buried in a cluster of hills, was the half cattle and half farming town of San Saba. It was made up of perhaps three hundred houses, not counting those spotted here and there in the near and distant hills.

Large herds of cattle roamed the lush grass slopes, and here and there a farm was marked out as though with a knife on a green and yellow sheet. At the far end of the town was a small flying field with a single hangar and the windsock on the hangar pole.

**M**ASTERS swept the scene with narrowed eyes.

"Looks too peaceful to be a rat hide-out," he mused. "Hope this isn't the wrong San Saba. Hmm—stop crabbing, guy! Did you expect to have R-Forty-seven rush out and wave a handkerchief? Get busy. For one thing you've got a long walk ahead of you."

Tired as he was, that thought was not too pleasant a prospect.

He pulled up the nose and circled around toward the north. When San Saba was out of sight behind the ridge of hills, the Lone Eagle dipped the nose again and went sliding down toward a narrow strip of ground at the base of two rugged hill slopes. The nearest ranch or farmhouse to that spot was a good twelve miles away.

With the same flying skill that had

[Turn page]





gained him fame on two continents, the Lone Eagle sat the Speedwing down in a perfect landing and let the ship roll to the far end of the narrow strip before applying the wheel brakes. Slipping out of the seat pack 'chute harness he legged down onto the ground and went back to the tail.

Hoisting it up on his shoulder he swung the ship completely around, then pulled it back under the overhanging branches of some trees. He got out the canvas weather covering for the engine and cockpit and fastened them in place. The last thing he did was to peg down the tail and the wingtips.

"Maybe a lot of useless work," he grunted as he straightened up, "but a Texas breeze can do plenty, and fast!"

Giving everything a careful final check, he left the plane and headed across country to a winding dirt road that led to San Saba some eight to nine miles away. The hope of a hitchhike lift flickered in his mind as he trudged along, but as mile after mile rolled by under his feet the hope died.

It was close to high noon when he finally reached the outskirts of the town. His coat and necktie hung over his arm and his shirt was open at the neck. Road dust completely covered his shoes and went halfway up his pants to his knees. His hair was a wet mop, and his face was sweat-streaked. Tough as he was, it hadn't been any picnic walking those eight miles in the Texas sun.

"Hey, you! Just a minute, there!"

Masters stopped and turned to look at a leather-faced, shifty-eyed man coming across the town's main street. When he reached Masters he hooked one thumb in his belt and pulled back his coat with his other hand to expose the shiny badge of a sheriff on his vest.

"Just what are you doing?" the lawman demanded.

"Walking," Masters said. "Any law against it?"

"One of them smart hobos, huh?"

the sheriff snapped. "Well, just keep on going, you! Right out of town. We don't want any bums around here. Get me?"

"Perfectly." Masters grinned. "Besides, I read the book, and also saw the movie."

"Huh?"

"Grapes of Wrath," Masters said.

The sheriff blinked.

"Grapes?" he snapped. "We don't grow grapes in these parts, and there ain't no jobs for tramps, either!"

**T**HE Lone Eagle was tempted to continue the kidding, but as he didn't know how long he'd have to stay in San Saba, he decided it wouldn't help to have the local arm of the law down on him.

"I guess I do look like a tramp, Sheriff," he said placatingly, "but I'm not. My car broke down up country a way. I like to walk and so I came along on foot. My chauffeur is fixing it as best he can, then driving it back to Waco for better repairs. He will come on here, later."

The sheriff looked dubious and finally decided the stranger was a bum, in spite of his explanation. He stuck out his jaw menacingly.

"Never mind that kind of talk!" he barked, and jerked a thumb. "Git, before I lock you up!"

The Lone Eagle stood his ground. He pulled out his wallet and selected a five-dollar bill.

"I pay my way, Sheriff," he said quietly. "And right now I want to buy some advice. Where's a good quiet place to stay here in town? I'm a writer, you see, and down here to do a book on Texas' history. But I don't want anybody to know it, or I'll be pestered to death. I just want a quiet place, and your permission to poke around on my own. The name is Kingston. Maybe you've read my stuff."

The sheriff's eyes bugged out at the sight of Masters' wallet and his Adam's apple went up and down like an express elevator.



"Golly, Mr. Kingston," he gulped, "why didn't you tell me? You looked . . . Well, we have to be on the watch for strangers, times bein' what they are. Hardly enough work for the natives, without having road bums comin' in on us. Sure, I've read your books. Good, too. I'm sure sorry for the way I talked, and I hope you ain't sore at me—"

"Forget it." Masters grinned and held out the five. "You've got your job to do. Here, take this for the police fund, or whatever you call it down this way. And don't forget, you and I are sharing a little secret about me. I'll even put your name in my book."

The sheriff beamed and fondled the five as though it was the first one he'd ever touched.

"You can count on me, Mr. Kingston," he said. "If people ask I'll just say you're a drummer. That'll make 'em steer clear of you, 'cause nobody's got much money. You go down here two blocks to Alamo Street. Mrs. Jones at Number Sixteen. She's got some nice clean rooms, and she's the best cook in town. Tell her I sent you. And don't forget to put my name in your book, will you?"

Masters promised, and went on down the street. A couple of hours later he was washed, shaved, hair combed, and a new man. In a local store he bought a hat. Then he began a tour of the town.

Bit by bit he gravitated toward the small flying field. A couple of Aroncas were on the line but it was not sight of them that halted Masters in his tracks and made him decide to visit the field at a later time.

Two things stopped him. First, a man lounged on a little camp stool in front of the hangar and strapped about his waist was a holstered .45 automatic. The other was what Masters saw through the opening between the half drawn canvas hangar doors—a six-place Stinson cabin plane.

The Lone Eagle swung around and

retraced his steps to the center of town.

"A twenty-two-thousand-dollar Stinson in a place like this?" he murmured. "And a lad with a gun guarding it? Interesting—plenty—Yeah, Masters, this is the right San Saba, and no fooling."

**D**USK was starting to creep over the town when the Lone Eagle entered the one drug store and bought a pack of cigarettes. He smoked one, then got a fistful of change and went over to one of the three telephone booths. It took him five minutes to convince the operator he wanted to talk with Major Warren at U. S. Army Headquarters in Beckville. And it was another fifteen before Phil was on the other end of the line.

"Major Warren?" Masters said. "This is Kingston, your old friend of World War days. I'm in San Saba, and thought I'd call up to see how you were. How's everything, old man?"

He heard Warren gasp softly, then he spoke.

"Well, well—hello, Kingston! I've been wondering where you were. In San Saba? How's your health?"

"Fine, so far," Masters replied. "Just bumming around. I learned that an old girl friend of ours is expected here. You remember the dame we met at that night spot on Forty-seventh Street?"

"You don't say!" Warren exclaimed. "You're sure?"

"Positive," Masters said and grinned at the mental picture of the look that must be on Phil Warren's face. "I ran across her in Washington, but she was in such a rush she didn't see me. It's an interesting little town, this San Saba. How are things by you?"

There was a pause, and a hard note was in Warren's voice when he answered.

"Bad, very bad!" he said. "Three P-Forty boys are nine hours overdue from a patrol. No word nor sign of them. And remember Lieutenant



Parks? Well, he has mysteriously disappeared. Arrived last night with the general and vanished before dawn. Some blood spots in his quarters. We're pretty worried. He was working on some anti-tank gun drawings. I hope to God we find him alive. The general's tearing his hair. But say, when can we meet?"

"Don't know how long I'll be here," Masters said. "But do you remember that old code we used just before the armistice? The wireless code?"

"The minus five-letter one?" Warren asked.

"Check!" Masters said. "What's your H.Q. radio wave-length?"

"Twelve hundred and fifty-six."

"Okay," Masters said. "I'll phone you later to see if we can have a reunion soon, but you might tell your radio office to bring any cockeyed stuff right to you. Got me?"

"Got you," Warren said. "But listen, Kingston, I'd sure like to see you. Maybe I could get a bit of leave and fly down for a chat and a couple of tall ones."

"I might not be here," Masters said quickly. "Fact is, I'm expecting a call or wire from my publishers about the book I'm writing. Wait until I phone you."

"Okay," came Warren's disappointed voice. "But good luck with your book, and don't get the hero in too tough a jam."

"I'll try not to. So long." Masters grinned and hung the receiver on the hook.

He was about to turn and push out of the booth when suddenly he stopped short and opened the door just enough to break the booth light circuit. A woman was talking with the druggist—a beautiful woman, tall, dark, and with flashing black eyes that gave the impression that they could look right through a perfectly solid brick wall.

She was perhaps one of the five most beautiful women in the world—and one who had sent thousands upon

thousands of brave men to their deaths! She was *Fraulein* von Zender.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *A Slight Mistake in Identity*



MASTERS felt his heart slam against his ribs, and a blood-red wave of anger surged through his veins. Impulsively he reached up under his left armpit where snuggled a small but most effective gun.

One shot, just one shot from where he stood and the life of the world's most dangerous woman could be snuffed out. A single shot and perhaps a thousand already doomed lives would be spared. Yes, just one easy shot, and—

He cursed softly and dragged down his hand from the holstered gun. There were two good reasons why he could not and would not pull the trigger. One, he was not a woman killer. The other that the mere killing of R-47 would not mean the destruction of the mysterious menace hanging over the United States.

It was perhaps unquestionably true that R-47 was the brains behind the murderous plot. However, there were others connected with it. How many others, God alone knew. To shoot R-47 would remove the leader, yes, but there is always a lieutenant to step into a leader's shoes. Shooting R-47 would not smash the plot against American liberty.

More than a little sorry that R-47 was not a man, the Lone Eagle waited in the darkness of the telephone booth while the notorious woman spy made a few purchases and talked pleasantly with the druggist. It was obvious that she was no stranger to the man, and that fact caused hope to leap high in Masters. By luck he had spotted R-47 first, and it should be easy to worm out of the druggist where she was staying, or whether or not she was just passing through the town. Of course, that twenty-two-thousand-dol-



lar Stinson in the guarded hangar was the answer to how R-47 had arrived in San Saba so soon.

Finally the beautiful woman spy tucked her packages under one arm, waved a smiling good-by to the druggist, and went out the door. The Lone Eagle waited a minute, then raised his voice to say, "Thank you, Operator," and came out of the booth. He wandered past the counter, lighting a cigarette, a puzzled expression on his face as he paused in front of the druggist, staring out the door.

"That's funny," he said, with a pleased laugh. "And I didn't recognize her at first. I wonder what Mrs. Patterson is doing in San Saba."

The druggist blinked.

"Who?"

"Mrs. Patterson," Masters repeated. "The lady who was just in here. I'm sure I recognized her as an old friend of mine."

"Her name ain't Patterson," the druggist said firmly. "That was Mrs. Miller. Owns a ranch out of town a ways. Just flew back from New York this morning. Been away a month or more. You must have made a mistake."

"Probably." Masters grinned. "But I didn't think there were two women in the world who could be so beautiful. Those blue eyes, and—"

"They were black, not blue," the druggist corrected.

Masters laughed.

"Then I am wrong," he said. "Mrs. Patterson, of the Patterson steel millions, has the most beautiful blue eyes I ever saw. You say Mrs. Miller flew in this morning? Guess she owns that big plane out in the hangar, eh?"

"That's right," the druggist nodded, eager to parade his knowledge. "And you should have seen her arrive! Guess she's pretty important besides having all kinds of money. Three Army airplanes flew in with her. A regular escort it was. She drove the pilots out to her ranch for dinner, then they come back and flew away.

She's a fine woman, that Mrs. Miller. Done a lot for San Saba. There's not one of us who ain't everlastingly grateful to her. Buys plenty stuff around here, she does. She's great on entertainin', she is. Her ranch is full of people all the time."

**M**ASTERS nodded, but inwardly he was on fire. So Mrs. Miller, the head of the Friends of Russia, according to that little notebook of Van Delft's, was none other than R-47. Somehow that did not surprise the Lone Eagle. Since learning that *Frau-lein* von Zender was in the U. S., he'd had a hunch that she and the disappearing Mrs. Miller were one and the same.

"I saw a pretty swell-looking place on the left of the Waco Road," Masters observed casually. "I guess that must be hers, huh?"

"Nope. Her place is five miles due south of town. But don't go visitin' unless you get an invite. She's got guards patrollin' her place day and night. Can't blame her, either, the way tramps and bums are pourin' down this way expectin' to pick silver dollars off the trees."

"Well, she isn't my friend Mrs. Patterson," Masters said, "so I'll hardly be visiting her place. Haven't time to go visiting anyhow. Just here for a short stay, then moving on. Well, good-night to you, sir."

"Good-night," the druggist called. "Any time you need anything, this is the place to get it."

"Thanks," Masters said and left. But under his breath he was saying: "Including swell information, praise Allah!"

For a couple of hours he strolled around the town. He met the sheriff a couple of times, but the arm of the law grinned knowingly and passed by with hardly more than a word of greeting. That suited the Lone Eagle perfectly. Finally when darkness had settled down, he headed for the south side of town.



Passing the air field, he considered the idea of inspecting the Stinson in the hangar, but decided against it. Far more interesting was Mrs. Miller's ranch.

"An escort of three army ships, eh?" he breathed as he circled the air field. "I wonder if that druggist could have told me if they were P-Forties. But perhaps it's just as well I didn't ask him. Might get him curious, and that *would* be bad business."

Striking due south across the rolling hills, it was an hour before he spotted the lights of "Mrs. Miller's" ranch. Buildings seemed to ramble all over the place and as he paused beside a tree to look it all over, he saw the headlights of a car sweep up a long driveway and come to a stop before the entrance of the ranchhouse. The distance was too great for him to see who or how many got out of the car. After a moment the car moved on, and its headlights were snapped off.

"Ten to one that's Committee members arriving," Masters murmured grimly, and walked on.

A hundred yards farther along he came smack up against a high wire fence. He explored it with his hands for a moment and was just about to start climbing over it when his sixth sense sounded the alarm. He didn't stop to glance about and check the authenticity of that note of alarm. Too often in the past had it proved infallible even to think of ignoring it.

He moved swiftly backward on the balls of his feet, then crouched down and let his body blend in with the protective darkness of a thorny shrub. There he waited, eyes and ears strained, his breath locked in his lungs.

Five seconds ticked by and then his ears caught the sounds of hoofbeats. Another couple of seconds and a lone rider went trotting by on the far side of the fence. The rider was silhouetted against the stars, and Masters could even see the shape of the rifle the man

carried across his saddle-horn. Mrs. Miller's ranch was indeed a poor place for some wandering tramp to seek a hand-out.

**M**ASTERS gave the rider five minutes to get well on his way. Then straightening up he made straight for the fence and went up and over it monkey style. On the far side he bent over and headed straight toward the cluster of ranch buildings which showed their lights beyond a clump of trees.

He was circling the clump of trees when a man suddenly loomed up dead in front of him. It was no time for questions or bluff. It was time only for action and the Lone Eagle flew into it at whirlwind speed.

One hand shot out, the fingers locked in the leathery flesh of a neck, and choked off any startled outcry. At the same instant he whipped up and down with his gun. There was a dull thud and the man started to fall away from Masters' grasp. Too late the Lone Eagle realized that was a ruse, and that the man's ten-gallon hat had softened the blow.

The fellow leaped forward like a striking rattler and a fist slapped off the spot where a murder bullet had grazed Masters' head in Washington only about twenty hours ago. White pain flared up in his brain and his stomach did a million outside loops.

With a furious effort, the Lone Eagle checked himself from stumbling backward, and dived forward, head down. The top of his head caught a jaw bone with a sharp crack. More stars flew around in his brain, but the main thing was that the man at whom he had hurled himself moaned softly and sank earthward. Momentum carried the Lone Eagle down on top of him. If this was another ruse it didn't work. The Lone Eagle slashed down twice with the barrel of his gun on a head no longer protected by a ten-gallon hat.

Panting, Masters got up and

dragged the unconscious man deep into the clump of trees, along with the rifle that had fallen from his grasp at the Lone Eagle's first charge. Working swiftly, the Lone Eagle stripped off the man's clothes and put them on. Then with belt and handkerchief he bound and gagged the man securely.

With the rifle in the crook of his arm he sauntered out of the clump of woods and approached the ranchhouse.

The main room seemed to extend the full width of the front of the house. The windows were of French casement design and light flooded through all of them. Hidden in the shadows, avoiding the glow of light that covered the ground close to the house, Masters stared through the windows with heart hammering hard against his ribs. R-47, beautifully gowned, was serving after-dinner coffee to five men guests. And looking at those guests, Masters' trigger finger itched.

Before leaving Washington he had studied the pictures of Carl Luntz and Antonio Relli. Both men were in that room with R-47. Masters did not recognize the other three men. They were expensively dressed, but Masters got the impression that at least one of them, a broad-faced man with a close-clipped mustache, was more used to a uniform than civilian clothes, and more at home in an army mess-hall than in a drawing room.

For a moment Masters was tempted to beat a flying retreat back to San Saba and get General Marsh on the wire. But he realized that before help could arrive and the place stormed, those inside would have plenty of chance to get away.

There still was that little matter of proof of charges that could be made against Luntz, and Relli, and the three unknowns. True, they had been dining with a famous spy, but to them she might be just Mrs. Miller. Try and prove they knew her to be a spy, and were plotting with her! No, it was no soap.

## CHAPTER IX

### *Disaster in Steel*



COWLING in the darkness as he stared into the lighted room, Masters made himself a firm promise that he would take up the art of lip reading at the first possible opportunity. He would have given much to have known what they were talking about inside there—seriously if their expressions meant anything. The Lone Eagle was not far away, either, but as far as telling what they were saying, he might just as well have been out in the middle of the Pacific.

"I've got to get inside somehow, and soon!"

He spoke the words in his brain, but thought and action were one. He started sauntering toward the left, keeping well beyond the light. Shortly he halted and peered hard at the foundation of the house. Unlike most ranchhouses this one had been built with a cellar.

Masters could see the small oblong cellar window, and that decided things for him.

He circled around until he was standing smack against the house and well under the light that came from the windows. Crouching down, he applied gentle pressure to the window, and to his relief discovered that it was not of the hinge and bolt type. The frame was held in place by nails hammered half in at an angle in the corners.

Sufficient pressure caused the nails to bend and the window to move inward. As soon as he pushed enough to make an opening between the frame and the jamb big enough for his fingers, the Lone Eagle slipped his fingers through, gripped the frame, and pushed harder with his other hand. The window moved inward with a rush but his grip on it prevented it from crashing on the cellar floor. Once



it was clear he twisted it around and pulled it through the opening.

Wriggling through the opening, he let himself down onto a smooth cement floor five feet down from the window. He pulled the window through and fitted it in place, bending the nails back so that the window stayed put. He heard the murmur of voices from above as he started moving toward the front of the house in the darkness, both hands outstretched before him.

He had taken but five steps when his knee bumped gently against something. He felt with his hands and discovered it was a pile of oblong boxes. Further exploration in the dark brought out the fact that the whole side of the cellar was piled from floor to ceiling with those oblong boxes.

The blood started singing through his veins. The feel of those boxes, each with its cover held in place by a book, was familiar. He slid out the hook of one of them, eased up the cover and reached inside. He was positive of what he would find inside—and he was not mistaken. Six new Garand rifles were neatly packed in that box!

"And there are ten thousand of them in this place if there's one!" he whispered softly. "And I bet the ammo for them is in here, too. Yeah, Mrs. Miller is getting set for lots of good hunting!"

The murmur of voices above coming to his ears again made him remember his original intention. He moved forward as fast as he could until he was directly under the sounds. Then he carefully removed a few of the top-most rifle cases of one pile, climbed up, and crouched there, one ear pressed against the boards of the floor above. It was like listening through the thin wall of a cheap hotel room. R-47 was speaking, and her voice was so clear and distinct that it was startling.

"—and so here's to the death of

John Masters!" she was saying. "I hope his body is never found."

"I HOPE it is!" a harsh male voice spoke up. "Then we'd know for sure. From what I've heard, that swine Lone Eagle has more lives than a cat. Thank God, Yancey was able to warn us in time. The Government dogs raided my place, you know. It would have been unfortunate had we not been warned."

"But you were, Herr Luntz," said R-47 in her throaty, purring voice. "Which is further proof of the perfection of our organization. There is not a move made we do not know about. That is Yancey's task, and he never fails. Incidentally, he is joining us tonight. He should be here most any minute. And he brings us great news."

"And what is the news?" demanded a third voice.

"The news, Signor Relli?" R-47 echoed with a low laugh. "I am almost tempted to tease you by telling you to listen to the news broadcasts tomorrow. This time they will not be able to keep it from the public. This will be too big for them to hush up."

"Keep what hushed up?" demanded the high-pitched voice of Signor Relli. "Tell me!"

"Very well, Signor," R-47 said. "All the world will know soon, anyway. As you know, the American Army has but one motorized division of tanks and armored cars. They have been even slower than the British to give up their horse cavalry. Anyway, there is a little bomb hidden in each tank and armored car of the Beckville units. Right under the blank ammunition magazines. Tomorrow at dawn the final phase of the Sabine River Valley maneuvers gets under way. The tanks and armored cars are to receive their severest test. They will! By noon they'll be shattered metal hulks spread all over the Sabine Valley. The casualty lists will be easily in the thousands. And the American Congress will conduct many of their fa-

mous investigations before more money will be appropriated for motorized equipment."

"Ah!" breathed Signor Relli fiercely. "It is magnificent. A delay, eh?"

"Exactly!" R-47 said. "And long before then we will have struck the blow for the great leader we serve. Our followers will spring from the ground throughout the country, and before the fools can lift a finger to stop us, the country will belong to our *Fuehrer*!"

"But there must be help from the outside, too," Signor Relli said.

"But naturally!" the woman spy fairly spat at him scornfully. "The Leader has given us his promise, has he not? That is enough. England will be disposed of quickly. You can be sure of that. No, he will not fail you. It is for you and your Fifth Column legions not to fail *him*. Expect bloodshed, yes. Perhaps rivers of it. But what does that matter compared to the prize? Not a—"

R-47 stopped short and in that instant Masters also heard the sound of a car drawing up in front of the house. Above him was the sound of shuffling feet, then R-47's voice again.

"That will be Captain Yancey," she said. "Wait here. I go to greet him!"

Cold shivers of bursting-point excitement shook Masters' body as he crouched there on top of the stacked cases of cached guns, listening. One half of his brain pleaded with him to get back to San Saba at once and flash the warning to Marsh and Warren of the doom that awaited the tank and armored car units on the morrow.

R-47 had spoken no lie when she had said that the mysterious crippling of the armored units would create chaos in America's rearmament efforts. There would be investigations and counter investigations, cries of wasteful expenditures, cries of sabotage, and cries of this and that and a hundred other things. And before political and national calm could be re-

stored the Nation's defense program would have been set back six months to a year.

And by then the Fifth Column would have struck! The gnawing rats would have reached the core!

**T**HE other half of Masters' brain argued for him to remain. The mysterious Captain Yancey was arriving. The man who it appeared stood as high in the Fifth Column organization as R-47, herself. Perhaps even higher, for it was also Yancey's name that the dying Van Delft had cried out.

"I'll stick here for awhile, anyway," Masters thought. "But with all the ringleaders in that room above me, if I could only get help this thing could be snuffed out right here and now!"

Snuffed out completely? He somehow doubted the truth of that. R-47 had said, "Our followers will spring from the ground throughout the country." Probably there were hundreds, maybe thousands of secret arsenals such as the one in which he crouched spread about the country.

Then, too, was this ranch of R-47's the real headquarters of the vermin organization? Was it really the nerve center of the hell that was planned? And those three P-40s? Where were they? Where was the secret drome to which their traitor pilots had flown them? And where—

Masters cut short the unanswerable questions that tumbled through his brain. R-47 had returned to the room above and a heavier set of footsteps accompanied hers. Then her voice, excited and trembling.

"Here he is, gentlemen, but we must leave at once. All of us!"

The noise of men leaping to their feet made a terrific din in Masters' ear pressed against the floorboards.

"Why?" cried Relli.

"*Mein Gott*, what has happened?" came the harsh voice of Carl Luntz.

"Be quiet!" R-47's voice cut through the din like the lash of a whip. "Must



you act like frightened hens? Tell them, Captain Yancey!"

"There is no need for alarm," said a strange-sounding voice. "By this time tomorrow, however, the army fools will be searching the State for lost planes. Of course, we all know they will not be found, but it is best for all of us to leave the area. Also, our work is done for the present. We will fly to main headquarters and receive our secret radio reports there. It will also give us time to study our files and check for any weakness in the placing of our comrade groups about the country. The plane is ready and waiting at the field."

"But R-Forty-seven was telling us that another P-Forty pilot arrives tonight for instructions," Carl Luntz' voice broke in.

"That is true," replied the queer-sounding voice. "Gurtz will not accompany us. He will remain at the field and tell the pilot where to go. Enough of this. Ask your questions on the plane."

There was the stampede of pounding feet above Masters' ear. He pushed off the pile of gun cases as fast as he could and sprinted back toward the cellar window, but before he was halfway there he heard the roar of two automobiles racing down the driveway.

He yanked out the window and scrambled through onto the ground. In the distance he caught the flash of car headlights, then lost them as the two cars curved around the base of a hill.

"Right in my hands, and they're slipping through!" he groaned and started running around to the front of the house.

There he almost bowled over a man leaning on a rifle and staring off after the cars.

"Take it easy!" the man chopped out. "They just left in a hurry. I guess everything's okay. They're always racing off in a sweat to some place."

Masters checked his right fist that had been driving upward.

"Yeah, I know," he grunted, "but the boss forgot some papers. She wants them. I gotta get them to her at the field."

"Then get them to her!" the other growled. "There's that car in the barn, ain't there?"

"Yeah!" Masters snapped, and punctuated the word by driving all the way up with his fist this time.

Perhaps knocking the guard cold was unnecessary but Masters was in too much of a hurry to take chances. The guard might start to wonder before he got the car started. So he left the man stiff as a post on the ground and raced for the barn.

The car he found inside was low-slung, expensive, and high-powered. He kicked it into life, whirled it out of the barn, sent dirt showering as he spun around and went roaring down the driveway. There was a gate at the end, and for a split second Masters' heart skipped a beat. The gate guard however had just seen two cars go racing through, and so why not a third?

The gate was swung open and the Lone Eagle went spinning through.

## CHAPTER X

### *Broken Wings*



ONCE through the gate, Masters gave the precision-made engine every ounce of hop it would take, and virtually went flying through the night toward the San Saba field.

Hunched forward on the seat and clutching the wheel with both hands, he took the turns at break-neck speed, thinking all the while of Captain Yancey's strange-sounding voice. It was as though the man had talked with a mouthful of mush, or through a pillow, or—

"Dumb I am!" he suddenly shouted aloud. "He was talking through a mask! I'll bet my shirt he wore a

mask. Guess R-Forty-seven is the only one who knows who he is. What a bunch of rats! Keep secrets even from each other, and—"

He broke off his own words with a groan—a groan of failure. The San Saba field was still over a mile away, but a ship was taking off and climbing swiftly up toward the stars. He didn't have to note the distance between the wing lights, or the distance back to the tail-light to tell him that it was a big plane. He knew without looking at it that the big Stinson cabin job was off on a night flight.

Unconsciously he slowed down and fixed his eyes on the triangle of lights. At least he might get the general direction of the flight. If only some little word had been spoken in the ranchhouse living room! Some little word that would have told him the location of the main headquarters of which the mysterious Captain Yancey had spoken!

"No such luck!" he thought savagely. "So stop beefing. You've still got a job to do. And it's not watching those lights, either. Those rats are no fools!"

The last became evident as the triangle of lights mounted higher and higher until they were lost among the stars. The pilot of that plane was making sure that no one on the ground would be able to tell whether the ship finally headed north, south, east, or west. He was going straight up to top ceiling where he would cut his lights and engine and glide far beyond San Saba hearing range before he pushed the throttle forward again.

Once he was dead certain of that fact Masters took his gaze off the mounting lights and shoved down on the accelerator again. Swerving away from the flying field he cut around to the west of town and swung onto the Waco road. In twelve minutes by the clock he braked to a stop in the small, narrow flat valley where his Speedwing was hidden. In another fifteen minutes he had the ship "cleared" for

take-off and the propeller ticking over.

Settling himself securely in the seat he reached for the throttle and breathed a fervent prayer. A pitch dark take-off was tough enough on a good-sized field, but along a narrow, night-shadowed valley it was three times as tough, and ten times as dangerous.

"Make it okay the first try!" he muttered grimly as the engine roared up. "You won't be getting any second one, my boy!"

Every nerve tense, every brain cell alert, he got the tail up and sent the fleet ship rocketing down the narrow strip of ground. Four times the tips of tree branches grabbed at his wing-tips, and each time he lost five years of life. Eventually, though, the wheels cleared and he went thundering up toward the diamond-studded sky.

At five thousand he leveled off, headed eastward and snapped on the dashboard light. He picked up the radio phones and clapped them over his ears. Then he tuned to the Beckville Headquarters wave-length. Instead of speaking into the mike he used the cut-off button. In that way he could send dot-dash stuff out over the ether waves.

**H**URRIEDLY he went to work tapping out a code message to Warren, using the old code they had devised together in France during the First World War. For each letter he sent, Warren had only to count back five in the alphabet to get the letter intended. The code's effectiveness was in its very simplicity. At least it had worked many times, and as Masters tapped out the warning to inspect all armored car and tank units for hidden bombs, he breathed a prayer that it would work again this time.

Three times he repeated the inspection warning. Then he gave the location of R-47's ranch and told what the ranchhouse cellar contained.



He was three-quarters through the first sending of that message, when suddenly it happened! The air above him yammered and clattered with the staccato sound of machine-gun fire. And a hell fury of hissing death slashed down into his Speedwing!

"What the devil?"

Even as the words burst from Masters' lips he was ripping the Speedwing over and down in a furious half-roll. The wings groaned in protest, but they stayed on and the ship streaked downward like a meteor gone berserk. However, no sooner was he in the wild dive than he pulled out, up and around in a power-climbing turn. Then and then only he twisted in the seat and cast searching eyes about the starlit heavens.

He spotted the ship in seconds, and sight of it silhouetted clearly against the carpet of stars brought a sharp exclamation to his lips and a frown to his brow. It was a small ship that had opened fire on him. A small open cockpit high-wing monoplane, and it was just about as speedy as his own plane. What made the big difference was that it was armed, and his Speedwing was not. But why—

Masters choked off the thought, whirled through a full roll and went skidding off to the left as the small ship came streaking in again with its single gun blazing. It was a lucky burst of bullets for that sky killer, for they went ripping straight into the radio set and promptly reduced it to splinters.

In a flash the Lone Eagle was out of the line of fire, and in kicking clear of it he brought his ship zooming up close to the other plane. He got a good look at it then, and the frown on his brows deepened in amazement. The ship was one of the small Aroncas he had seen on the San Saba field.

"And who's in the pit, I wonder?" shot through his mind. "And just why the hell is he up here picking on me?"

That and a dozen other questions

went unanswered. He was positive that the presence of the Lone Eagle in San Saba was a secret. Yet someone obviously had seen or heard him take off, and now an armed pilot was aloft with the expressed intention of slashing him down out of the skies.

Twisting and turning about in the sky, striving to keep clear of the other's short but deadly bursts of fire, the Lone Eagle realized there was no chance of flying away from the Aronca. Against a stock model it would be a cinch, but that small ship was fitted with a souped-up engine that increased its speed a good fifty miles an hour or more.

He couldn't fly away from it. That was certain. So what? He could continue to out-fly the other pilot and keep clear of his deadly burst until the Aronca's gas tank went dry. That would take a lot of time. What's more, there was the little matter of a lucky burst. His attacker had only to get in one small lucky burst and the Lone Eagle would be sunk.

"Besides, I've got to get back to the San Saba field!" he grated through clenched teeth. "The one they call Gurtz is there. Also a P-Forty pilot is due in. I want both those lads, and this one, too—alive!"

**T**HE Lone Eagle braced himself in the pit of the Speedwing, deliberately whirled around in a dime turn, and made as though to charge straight at the smaller ship. The maneuver unquestionably startled the other pilot and after a short wild burst he sent the Aronca cutting around to the left. Masters streaked his Speedwing into the opening. Engine roaring full out, he raced around the floundering Aronca and came charging in from the left rear quarter.

The other pilot probably guessed instantly what that meant, but he had no chance to kick over and out of the way. The Lone Eagle sliced the sturdy wings of the Speedwing right

over the single left wing of the Aronca. There was the snapping of struts, the ripping of metal and wing fabric, then the two ships were locked together.

No sooner had he crashed the other ship than Masters was free of his safety belt and half standing up in the pit with his small gun clutched in his free hand.

"Toss your gun overboard and bail out!" he roared. "Or you get it right now!"

And it was at that instant that a section of the Aronca's wing snapped back and caught the pilot smack on the forehead. Masters saw him slump out cold in the pit. The two ships were beginning to nose down and go swirling around in a deadly flat spin. Masters had but a few seconds in which to throw himself clear or be carried earthward in the tangled ships.

"But I want that guy!" he shouted, as though arguing with the gods.

Already, though, he had scrambled out of his cockpit and onto his crumpled top right wing. Clutching fast to broken struts that jutted up through the torn fabric he crawled and lunged forward to the Aronca, reached it, and dropped down to straddle the fuselage just in back of the cockpit.

The two ships were dropping fast by the nose now, and a thousand invisible fingers tried to yank Masters from his perch. Teeth clenched, he bent his body to the slipstream, reached down into the pit and ripped free the unconscious pilot's 'chute harness and safety belt. Then with the strength of two men he hauled the fellow clear of the pit.

He locked both arms about the man and crouched for a second, poised, then with his feet he shoved them both backward and away from the slow spinning ships. Then he was tumbling head over heels earthward, and wind was screaming in his ears. Fighting back the wild, frantic urge

to yank his rip-cord ring he forced himself to count twice the usual number. Then he let go of his burden with one arm just long enough to yank the ring.

"If the fall check doesn't cut me in two we should make it!" he thought grimly.

A lifetime in hell dragged by, then Masters felt as though his arms, legs, and neck were being wrenched free of his torso. A world of red pain whirled all about him and the unconscious Aronca pilot was almost torn from his grasp. He clung hard with every ounce of his strength and grimly beat back the pain that circled him like a slowly closing steel vise. Presently his head cleared a little and he realized they were both dangling at the ends of taut shroud lines, but because of the extra weight were dropping fast toward the ground.

"Now for the broken leg department!" he muttered and jackknifed his knees slightly.

**A** FERVENT prayer on his lips, he looked down. Relief engulfed him. Lady Luck had answered this one prayer at least.

Flat ground was below him, not jagged treetops that could rip them both to ribbons.

Vaguely he realized that the lights of San Saba were close. No more than a mile and a half away at the most. He had worked back toward the little Texas town during the one-sided scrap. Possibly a stiff east wind had helped a lot.

The ground was less than twenty feet under him, and he was far from floating like a feather on the breeze. He had just time in which to let himself go limp when the ground came up and hit him. It tried to drive the soles of his shoes right up through his brain, but fortunately he twisted in time so that he struck at an angle. The next second he and his prisoner executed a series of acrobatics which would have made professionals weep



with envy. Masters hung onto his captive while emptying the 'chute. And then all motion came to a halt.

For several moments Masters lay on the ground, half stunned, not knowing exactly whether he lay on the ground or the ground lay on him. Sharp pains were playing leap frog in his chest and every second or so a few of them would quit the game and go dancing down his right leg. Presently, though, he got cool night air into his lungs and it brought with it reserve strength and brooms that swept the cobwebs from his brain. Then he realized that he was flat on his back, that his prisoner was sprawled across him, and that they were both tangled up in shroud lines and parachute silk.

It took Masters five minutes to free himself and get them both clear. Pains and aches seemed to be all over him, but no bones were broken, and he was still all in one piece. Dropping to his knees beside his prisoner he lighted a match and looked at the man's face. The man was the gent with the holstered .45 he'd seen sitting on guard in front of the hangared Stinson.

"And I'm making another guess his name is Gurtz," Masters grunted, and calmly relieved the man of his holstered gun.

A quick examination showed that the unconscious man had been lucky, too. Neither his arms nor his legs were broken. He had a big goose egg in the center of his forehead and it bled a little but that appeared to be the extent of his injuries. Just to play safe Masters went through his pockets and was well rewarded, considering the immediate job he had in mind. He found a small pocket flashlight that would serve his purpose a million per cent better than clips of matches. Propping the flashlight so that its glow slanted up over both of them, the Lone Eagle reached over and slapped the unconscious man across the face.

"School's over!" he snapped. "Time to play!"

The man groaned twice, then slowly opened his eyes. For a moment they were filled with dull, blank nothingness. Then as memory returned, the eyes widened in stark terror.

"What happened?" he gasped. "Where am I? Good God. . . . You?"

Masters shoved the man's own automatic right under his nose.

"Neither of us is playing a harp—yet!" he grated. "Now, sit up, and stand up!"

The man groaned a little, but after one look down his nose at the business end of that .45 he scrambled to his knees, then got to his feet, both hands raised high in the air.

"That's all I wanted to know!" Masters clipped. "Okay, squat again!"

The man squatted and fixed fearful eyes on Masters.

"Wh-what are you going to do?" he choked.

Masters didn't answer for a moment. Keeping the man covered with the gun he whipped off the fellow's belt with the other hand. He twisted him around, and lashed both arms tightly behind his back. Then he tapped the gun barrel on the man's chest.

"We're going to play house, Gurtz," he said in a quiet voice touched with steel. "And you're going to tell papa all the answers!"

## CHAPTER XI

### *Rats Always Squeal*



ASPING and gulping, the man looked up at the Lone Eagle in utter terror. Then suddenly he seemed to get a grip on himself. His jaw tightened and defiance blazed in his eyes.

"Hell with you!" he growled. "I'll tell you nothing. I can take it!"

"Your name's Gurtz, isn't it?" Masters asked.

"So what?" the man sneered.

Masters shook his head slowly.

"I heard that the guy named Gurtz could take it," he said. "And that it wouldn't be any use. Still, I'm a curious lad."

The Lone Eagle's hand moved like a flash of light. The gun muzzle rasped down his prisoner's cheek and drew blood. Gurtz choked with pain and almost fell over.

"Don't!" he screamed. "You're killing me!"

"But you're Gurtz, and you can take it," Masters said, tight-lipped, and raised the gun again. "Besides, I'm not killing you. Just getting a look at the color of your blood. Looks sort of yellow to me, Gurtz. What are you kicking about, anyway? What's a little pain and a little blood? Aren't you in with the boys who plan to spill a lot of it in this country? Hell, a gun whipping's nothing. I'm giving you a break. Don't get me mad so's I'll start using a knife."

Gurtz almost passed out with terror.

"You—you wouldn't!" he choked. "That's—inhuman. It would be murder!"

"Know who I am?" Masters snapped.

"Y-y-yes. The Lone Eagle, aren't you?"

"Bright lad! Then surely you've been told what I do to prisoners? Never turned over a live one yet. You're Gurtz, right?"

Masters whipped that out and the man nodded before he could check himself.

"Swell!" Masters grinned. "Now, how did you know I was the Lone Eagle? Who told you?"

Gurtz struggled to keep silent but he almost went cross-eyed looking down the barrel of the .45.

"A man called Yancey!" he whined. "Said he knew you were in town. Didn't know where. Said for me to be on the watch. I—saw a car tear past the field, and I—I took a ship

up, and . . . Well, I seen the lights of your car. Then I seen you take the plane up, and . . . Well, the orders were to get you, and I figured it was you. But don't kill me! I had to do it, see? I had to!"

Masters' brain was wrestling with the problem of how the mysterious Yancey had learned he was in San Saba. He got a sudden hunch, filed it away for study later, and returned his attention to the cringing Gurtz.

"Hate like hell to break my swell record, Gurtz," he grated. "It depends on you, I guess. Maybe I could give a guy a break for once. Okay, tell me all you know!"

"Sure, sure!" Gurtz babbled. "But I don't know nothin', honest. A man named Luntz hired me a long time ago. He—well, he was a sort of leader of a—"

"A Bund," Masters finished. "What did he hire you to do?"

"The job I've been doin'," Gurtz said. "Be pilot and guard at the San Saba field. The natives rates me as Mrs. Miller's pilot. I fly her here and there now and then, and keep her planes in condition. That's all. So help me I don't know anything else."

"Not even who she is?" Masters snapped.

"Yes," Gurtz said in an awed whisper. "I—I worked for her mother long ago—in Europe."

"Another first World War rat who migrated, eh?" Masters grunted. "Ever been up to her ranch?"

"Never! I'm not that important."

**M**ASTERS stared hard at the man, then slowly raised the gun. Gurtz went white with terror.

"I don't know anything else, I swear it!" he cried.

"You know one thing, Gurtz!" Masters said evenly. "And you're going to tell me. Don't kid yourself. You're going to tell me, or I'll whip you to ribbons and leave you here for the vultures. Where did that Stinson go?"



Gurtz shook as though Masters had suddenly poured a bucket of ice water over him. His teeth chattered so hard he couldn't get words out for a moment.

"I—I can't! They would kill me! I have seen what she can do!"

"Yeah, maybe they would kill you, if they caught you, Gurtz," Masters said. "Me, I won't exactly kill you. I'll give you time to say your prayers. Lots of time. Maybe not until the sun's high. You're tough, you admit, so you'll probably die slowly. Well, you asked for it!"

Masters' guns lashed the man's other cheek.

"Talk, you Rhine-bred skunk!" he grated. "Talk and talk fast. When I meet rats I treat them as rats, no better. I don't give a damn if you die now, or a year from now. But you're going to *talk*!"

A gun slash across the nose snapped the last thread of Gurtz' resistance, like so many of his ilk who couldn't take it when the chips were down in earnest.

"I'll tell you, I'll tell you!" he sobbed. "Please. Don't! I'll tell you. They went across the Border to Cedrito, in Mexico. That is main headquarters. There is the secret field where they land—high in the mountains. Let me go! Spare my life. I will leave the country at once. I am lost, now!"

"The P-Forty pilot who is to arrive tonight?" Masters barked, and waved the gun back and forth in front of Gurtz' eyes. "What about him?"

"I am to fuel his ship and give him instructions how to reach Cedrito!" Gurtz wailed. "He is to glide across the Border at high altitude so his engine won't be heard. He is to circle Cedrito seven times and look toward the largest valley. Ground strips will then be put out for him to land. If it is dark there will be flares. That is all I know. I swear it! Let me go!"

Masters ignored the sobbing pleas. He moved back and cut several

lengths of 'chute shroud line. Then as Gurtz protested wildly he trussed the man up tight.

"Stop crabbing," Masters clipped at him. "You're a lucky louse! You'll be picked up sooner or later. Maybe I'll drop a note, or something. Blame yourself, Gurtz. When you signed up to help smash all things decent in the world you took your chance on the consequences. Well, you've got 'em."

Scooping up the flashlight the Lone Eagle turned a deaf ear to the whining pleas of the trussed-up man and set out at a fast pace toward San Saba.

His wrist-watch showed a little after two in the morning when he first heard the drone of the approaching plane. He waited until he could see the wing lights, then ran out on the field and lighted a single flare. His heart was hammering against his ribs for fear that some of the people living in San Saba would come running out to watch the plane land. But as it glided lower and lower, and San Saba continued to sleep he guessed that the citizens had long since become accustomed to planes landing at the field at all times of day and night.

"And wouldn't they be stunned if they knew!" Masters muttered.

**A** MOMENT later he caught a good look at the plane as it came within the glow on the landing flare. His jaw tightened. It was a Curtiss P-Forty, Uncle Sam's latest addition to his army of wings, and regarded as the finest pursuit plane in the world.

"And one by one the rats are slipping them across the Border," Masters thought grimly. "Yeah, to use our own ships against us when the time comes. But—"

The P-Forty had landed and was taxiing rapidly into the line. The pilot waved at Masters and the Lone Eagle waved back, though he felt more like pulling the trigger of a gun. As soon as the prop stopped he wheeled over the gas dolly. The pilot

climbed from the pit and moved forward to open the tank vent.

In the pale light Masters saw a boyish face. But the sight of the Air Corps tunic with the silver wings over the upper left tunic pocket was like thunder exploding in his brain.

The pilot grasped the gas hose nozzle, stuck it into the vent, and grinned at Masters as the Lone Eagle started cranking.

"You're Gurtz?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm Gurtz," Masters growled. "You're late."

"You guys think I work miracles?" the pilot snapped. "It was no cinch to get away in this crate. Hell's popping around Beckville. I damn near got caught, and that would have been the firing squad. But I'm clear of them now! It's been no fun playing the part, when maybe an Intelligence man will tap you on the shoulder. If I didn't believe, I'd tell your boss, Yancey, whoever he is, just what he could do with this job."

Masters shrugged, but his heart was sick. The pilot was no more than a kid. A kid who had been hopped-up with soap box orations, and probably a good bit of money.

"Okay!" the pilot barked and yanked the nozzle from the vent. "Now, where do I go?"

The Lone Eagle waited until he had stepped down to the ground.

"You go to sleep, small vermin!" he clipped and swung his right.

## CHAPTER XII

### *Eagle Bait*



ROAD and brown the Rio Grande was rolling on its way to the Gulf well behind Masters' P-40 rudder post when he spotted the first thin gray line of dawn in the east. What lay ahead

was in the lap of the gods but for the moment he felt a thrill of exultation. He was flying a brand new Curtiss

P-40—and he was wearing the uniform of his country's Air Corps. True, it really belonged to a rat tied up tight and placed "in storage" back in the San Saba hangar. However, it still felt good to be wearing American wings.

When he sighted the hills about Cedrito, however, the old grimness of purpose stole over him. One tough job lay ahead, one that could mean his life if he made the slightest slip. It would be a cinch to circle Cedrito and wait for landing strips or flares to mark the field, then land.

But actually to land on the field would be signing his own death warrant. If R-47 were there she would recognize him at once. And he felt sure that the mysterious Captain Yancey would spot him right off the bat, too. No, his job wasn't that easy. He had to find out where the secret field was located, then get to it without being seen.

"Yeah," he muttered, and searched for the largest valley as he started his seven circles of the area. "Just as easy as falling off a log—not! Boy, do I hope Phil picked up the dot-dash stuff!"

Before crossing the Border he had sent a message in code to the Beckville H.Q., telling of his ultimate destination. However, he had sent the message only once, and had been unable to receive acknowledgment. The wave-length had suddenly been jammed by some powerful station listening in.

Memory of that brought a worried look into his eyes. Yancey had spoken of receiving radio reports at main headquarters. Had they been listening in on the Beckville wave-length, recognized the code, and jammed the air to stop the important part of his message getting through? He didn't know, but didn't dare contact Warren again. The chances were that Yancey had put two and two together and knew he was on his way south.



"I'll soon know, anyway," he grunted and started his seventh circle over the area. "If they show me the hidden field I'll know that that jamming was just plain static. And then—"

He stretched the rest of his monologue into a yell of joy. At the northern end of the largest valley in the area, a row of five oil-pot flares had suddenly sprung into life. He was being shown the location of the hidden field! The secret location of the nerve center of the hell menace that was closing in on the United States of America!

Hunching forward over the stick he strained his eyes earthward. His altitude was no more than five or six thousand feet, and although the light wasn't anything to write home about, he knew that even in broad daylight no pilot passing over that rugged, uninviting terrain would have suspected it contained a flying field, or even a house for that matter.

"No, not unless he knew about it," Masters decided, as he eased back the throttle.

At the same time he shoved forward the compensator throttle sharply and as a result the engine coughed and sputtered and great gobs of black smoke and flame shot out the exhaust. Kicking rudder he sent the ship into a crazy side-slip to the right, lost a thousand feet of altitude and then righted the plane. Still causing the power plant to miss and sputter he came down to within two thousand feet of the valley.

**S**KIDDING this way and that he stuck his head over the side and stared downward. The row of oil-pot flares flickered brightly, and in their glow he saw a strip of billiard-table-smooth ground. Heavy growth lined all four sides, and he realized fully how utterly impossible it would be to spot the place by accident. Even from two thousand the place looked more like a shrub-covered gorge than a

strip of landing field. And no passing pilot would be flying at two thousand feet over *that* section of Mexico.

"Not unless he was playing leap frog with those four and five-thousand-foot mountain peaks that surround this place," thought Masters. "Well, here goes for Act Two, and, pal, you've got to make it good!"

As though he had suddenly struck a savage cross-current of air, he spun the P-40 to the right and went staggering crazily with stuttering engine past the mountain side that formed the north wall of the valley. No sooner was the valley out of sight than he nosed the lurching plane skyward, slammed open the cockpit cowl, and bailed out.

"Sorry, old gal," he breathed, leaving the ship. "A lousy trick on you, but it's the only way. It'll take them awhile to find the wreck, and I need time right now, and lots of it."

No sooner was his free fall earthward checked than he reached up and grabbed the shroud lines and started slipping his 'chute toward the south. A carpet of jagged rocks and spike-topped trees stretched out beneath him, but he spotted a clearing and headed for it. Cross currents played bean bag with him, but he was no novice with a parachute.

He didn't chalk up a perfect landing square in the center of the small clearing. Even the Lone Eagle wasn't *that* good. The silk of his 'chute fouled on some tree branches, but his own weight and the pull of gravity dragged him free and dropped him down on the ground in a heap.

He came up like a rubber ball, spilled air from the silk so that a ground wind wouldn't fill it out and drag him halfway across Mexico. Slipping out of the harness, he gathered it up and shoved it under some bushes. As he straightened up a column of smoke mounting toward the dawn sky caught his eye. Impulsively he snapped his hand up in salute.

"You did your job swell, old gal,"

he apostrophized the burning P-40, a good ten miles away. "Here's hoping I can do mine half as well."

Turning south, he headed for the Valley of Five Oil Pot Flares. It took him half an hour to circle the base of the mountain, and several times he was forced to crouch motionless when he heard voices in the distance. Eventually, though, he circled the base of the mountain and came out on a little ledge formation some twenty to thirty feet above the level of the landing strip.

He stopped short, frozen, staring pop-eyed at the sight that met his gaze. There was a cluster of well made houses at the northern end of the strip of level ground. A couple of them were even built of stone, but all were covered by tree branches, completely hidden to view from above. The antenna tower of a powerful radio station had been erected to blend in perfectly with the trees.

What startled him most, however, were the three knock-together hangars built into the side of the mountain. They, too, were hidden by the trees, but from his level he could look across the strip of ground and straight inside. He counted a dozen ships or more of various design. One of them was the Stinson from San Saba, and at least six of them were Curtiss P-40s of the U.S. Army Air Corps.

**A**ND then the war gods screamed with fiendish delight, and the voice of doom cracked against his ears.

"Don't move! You're covered!"

He stiffened and groaned inwardly. At the same time he had a crazy impulse to laugh out loud. A great guy, the Lone Eagle. Yeah, tops, except when he stubs his toe, and trips over his own big feet and goes flat on his mush. And he'd done it this time with bells on. A tricky job of parachute jumping wasted!

He hadn't fooled anybody. He'd

probably been followed by the owner of that voice in back of him all the way from the clearing where he'd landed. One little item had skipped his mind completely. The little item that the nest of rats here probably kept lookouts stationed on the surrounding mountain tops. Probably equipped with small portable radio sending sets. Every move he had made had been sighted and radioed back to headquarters.

He was sunk. Not even a chance to bluff the man back of him that he had really had trouble, and was actually one of their gang who had stolen a ship and come down here to deliver it. Not a chance to bluff in a million years—because that voice had told him plenty. He had heard it through the floor of a San Saba ranchhouse, heard its queer muffled sound—the sound of a voice speaking through a mask. The mysterious Captain Yancey stood behind him, and maybe his trigger finger was tightening.

"March straight ahead and down to the houses!" commanded the voice. "We'll do our talking down there."

Masters obeyed the order and walked with his hands half raised toward the group of buildings. What a mess he'd made of things! Yet, what else could he have done? It was a solo job. To have notified Beckville H.Q. and then led an armed force down here would have been no soap all around.

It would have taken days to find this exact spot. It also would have necessitated advance arrangements with the Mexican Government. And the rats would have been warned, and off to safer climes.

No, he had had to tackle it alone. It was the only way he could have got them to set out the signal flares and thus locate the field for him. But they *had* picked up his message to Warren, and decoded it. They had added two and two and a made a pretty sure guess as to what had happened



in San Saba after the Stinson had taken off. Their hired help like Gurtz might be dumb and yellow, but the ringleaders of the Fifth Column in America had been born with brains that had improved with age. In short, the Committee had known he was on his way and had let him spot their secret field, knowing they could grab him when he came down.

His heart lead-heavy, but with a fierce light of defiant determination in his eyes, Masters permitted himself to be marched down off the ledge and across to the largest of the building. Several men in rough clothing were lounging about, and he dully wondered how many of them were rat traitors whom Uncle Sam had taught to fly and even given Air Corps commissions.

Then he stopped wondering. He had mounted the steps of the porch, and at that exact moment the door swung open. R-47 stood framed in the doorway. Despite his hate for her, he had always admitted that she was a beautiful woman. But when he looked into her eyes, her beauty faded away. Those eyes were twin pools of midnight in whose depths glittered the fires of hatred, triumph, and death. The two bitter enemies faced each other for the fraction of a second, then R-47 smiled.

"Come in, Lone Eagle," she said, in her soft purring voice. "You are late. We were getting worried."

"I can guess." Masters grinned at her. "Would it be okay with the bloodhound in back if I lowered my hands? They're tired."

"Keep them up!"

A gun muzzle digging into the small of Masters' back accompanied the command.

He was searched by the man in back and Gurtz' gun and his own were taken away.

"Now, inside!"

A stunning blow from behind sent him stumbling through the door to trip and fall flat on his face.

## CHAPTER XIII

### *Mexican Maelstrom*



WHITE fires of blind rage blazed up in the Lone Eagle, and for one brief second he was tempted to leap to his feet and hurl himself barehanded at his attacker. Cold logic curbed the impulse, however, and he lay sprawled on the floor while his head cleared.

Because of the towering trees all around, dawn light had not reached the room into which he had been thrust. Two huge oil lamps shed a golden glow throughout the room. That seemed strange when he could see by outlets and wires that the place was wired for electricity from where he lay. Then he realized that the radio station must be in operation and so all available power was being "piped" to it.

He was kicked in the ribs.

"Get up!" came the harsh order. "My friends want a look at you. They've heard fairy tales, but now they can see for themselves. Gentlemen, this groveling dog is the great Lone Eagle. Look at him!"

The booted foot crashed against Masters' ribs again. He got slowly to his feet and swept the half circle of men in front of him with cold defiant eyes. They were the same five he had seen in R-47's ranchhouse. Luntz, Relli, and the other three. At close quarters he recognized the three strangers and the truth made him start. All three were attached to a certain foreign embassy in Washington, and their names appeared often in the daily papers.

Sight of them right now, however, would have caused gales of laughter in diplomatic circles. They stood like three mummies, mouths hanging open and glassy eyes fixed rigidly on Masters.

"I knew he was close to us at San Saba, gentlemen," said the muffled

voice in back of Masters. "I did not want to alarm you, however. I decided to wait until I had drawn his fangs."

A hundred men holding guns on him could not have stopped the Lone Eagle from turning around. He did, and he stared long and hard at the man he saw—a man who wore the uniform of a U.S. Army lieutenant. Identification taps had been removed from his tunic lapels, however. And he wore a black silk mask that covered his face from hairline to chin-line. The only openings in the mask were the two slits for the eyes.

"One of your rats took over at Beckville after you—er—left, eh?" Masters grunted. "Maybe he works the phone switchboard there?"

The masked man stiffened slightly and Masters saw fear leap into the eyes.

"I'm bright lots of times—Captain Yancey," he said quickly. "It didn't click until last night. By the way, your little tank and armored car plan has been shot to hell. But maybe you know that, eh? The Stinson's radio was tuned in on Beckville H.Q. wavelength last night? And you heard my code message? How did you know it? Major Warren ever tell you about it, and. . . . What's the matter, Captain Yancey? Feeling a chill?"

The man with the mask was shaking as though he were parked on ice with no clothes. All of him shaking except the hand that gripped the U.S. Army automatic.

"They know, Masters?"

The masked man fairly spat out the words. The Lone Eagle didn't answer for a moment. Though he faced the masked man he had cast quick glances out the corner of his eye toward a table on the far side, and what he saw made his heart skip a beat. On that table were many papers, stolen U.S. Government papers. There were also three or four rolls of blue prints.

Most important, though, was a five-drawer card index about eighteen

inches high. Two of the drawers were open and he was able to see the various tabs attached to sets of cards. Printed on the tabs were the abbreviations of states, big cities, and counties.

ONE glance toward that table and his memory flashed back to when he had crouched in the cellar of the San Saba ranchhouse. Captain Yancey had said: "At main headquarters we will check our files for any weakness in the placing of our comrade groups about the country."

Files! There they were almost within arm's reach. The proof, the evidence, that the Intelligence and Federal police agencies of the United States needed so badly to crack down in earnest and squash Fifth Column and other un-American activities once and for all!

"Answer me!" Yancey's voice cracked through Masters' whirling thoughts. "The truth, or you die, now!"

The Lone Eagle steeled himself inwardly, and grinned.

"Go ahead—shoot," he said evenly. "Then it'll be your worry, because then you'll not know for sure!"

Masters elected then to play a long shot in the dark. The masked man was worried. Masters believed he knew why. At any rate so long as he built up that worry he would gain time. R-47 was frowning slightly, and that was another good sign. They wouldn't rub him out until they knew for sure, and the longer he lived the better his chances for a break.

"It's tough not to know whether you can go back to the States, or not, isn't it—Captain Yancey?" Masters jeered.

The blind shot went right through the bull's-eye. Yancey and R-47 exchanged swift glances that told the Lone Eagle plenty. Then suddenly the beautiful spy laughed scornfully.

"The dog lies!" she cried. "He is bluffing!"



"Right!" Masters nodded and grinned at her. "Haven't you always known all the answers—Mrs. Miller?"

"Talk won't save you, Lone Eagle!" she flamed at him. "The Fates have been kind to you in the past, because they were saving up for this day—for me! You came across water to my country to destroy it. Now, I have come across water to your country to destroy it. And destroy it I shall!"

"With half a dozen stolen P-For-ties?" Masters taunted her.

It didn't work, however. R-47 threw back her head and laughed.

"A Fifth Column does not fly, fool swine!" she sneered. "Our ground armies will win our little revolution. Those stolen planes? You, the great Lone Eagle, cannot guess why certain of our comrades in your Air Corps have slipped away with them to come down here where they wouldn't be found in months?"

Masters guessed instantly, and his impulsive start brought another laugh to the beautiful secret agent's cruelly lovely lips.

R-47 snapped her fingers to convey the rest. Masters' heart turned ice-cold and his fingers itched to curl about her ivory-skinned throat. She read his thoughts and smiled at him with smug triumph.

"No, John Masters," she purred, "those few planes will be but the eyes of a great armada of victory for our cause! Enough of this kind of talk, however. There are other things to be done!"

She rose from her chair and looked at the masked man.

"The dog is bluffing," she said firmly. "I know him. However, it will not take us ten minutes on the radio to find out if it is possible for you to return to the States and complete your work. If not, it does not matter. All is practically ready. *Der Fuehrer's* troops wait at the channel ports. It will not be long now. Let the fools, here, finish their stupid war games. We do not care."

The masked man nodded, without taking his glittering eyes off John Masters.

"But we must be careful," he said. "His last message to Beckville we intercepted. It—"

"They know only that he has flown to Mexico, not *where* in Mexico," R-47 cut in. "Our station jammed the wave-length just as he started to spell out Cedrito. They would not dare to send troops or planes across the Border until the State Department had exchanged many notes with the Mexican Government. And we are not without friends in Mexico City."

Cold helplessness gripped Masters. The beautiful spy's words had snapped his one tiny thread of hope. Neither Warren nor Marsh knew where he was. Only that he'd gone to Mexico. He thought of the cleverly camouflaged landing strip outside, and the hidden group of houses and hangars, and his heart sank lower. Even with the Mexican Government's permission, plus its full cooperation, it might take months to locate this spot. By then Satan would probably have dropped his blood-red flag for the start of the race between liberty and death in the United States.

The Lone Eagle's thoughts merged into a swirling red haze that filled his brain. He stood alone against the fury of Satan's legions—caught like a rat in a trap. A trap he had walked straight into with his eyes open.

He suddenly realized that R-47 was facing him, speaking to him. Her voice was soft, but her words were coated with doom.

"And that is all we wanted of you, Lone Eagle," she was saying. "Simply your presence here for a few moments so that these gentlemen could see your face—and see you die. You have been clever—a little too clever—John Masters. Naturally I have no regrets. If you have any, then that is your affair."

R-47 stepped back and smiled. Her smile was as cold as a slab of ice.

Masters' brain whirled desperately for a plan of action. For once he was not going to be held a prisoner, so that he would have time to map out a plan of escape. Not this time. They had tried to kill him twice, and he knew now why they were determined to end his life—because of what they feared Van Delft had told him.

They feared that the Dutch traitor had spoken of Cedrito. Now they knew no word had been spoken. Now they knew that he alone knew of the place. No need to keep him prisoner, or try to torture information from him. No need of anything—save the immediate death of the Lone Eagle.

"I give the pleasure to you, Captain Yancey," he heard R-47's voice say. "I prefer simply to watch him die. Gentlemen, pay attention, so that you may spread the news among your followers. Even the cowards among us must never more fear the name of the Lone Eagle. For all time he dies—and stays dead!"

## CHAPTER XIV

### *Fury's Finale*



DEATHLY silence settled over the room as R-47 finished speaking. The pounding of Masters' heart came to him like the thunder of distant cannon. The last few grains of life's sands were running through. A matter of seconds and death would claim the one life he had long sought. At last the Grim Reaper was not to be cheated. The war gods had stopped laughing at the Lone Eagle's fate. They now held their breath and waited with fiendishly eager anticipation.

"Okay," Masters said in a voice he hardly recognized as his own. "You've taken all the tricks, and it's your game. But broadcast *this*, also, to your flocks of yellow-bellied rats. I took it like a white man, see?"

The Lone Eagle raised both hands above his head in the attitude of complete surrender and backed up slightly so that he half faced the five other members of the Committee of Doom.

"A white man, see?" he thundered. "Not crying, or yapping, or sniveling as your kind do. I can—"

Masters never completed the sentence. The echo of his voice rang throughout the room, and his "audience" stood staring at him transfixed for a brief second. It was that second for which the Lone Eagle had pleaded to his God. One brief second while he backed away from Captain Yancey's leveled gun with his hands in his air.

And when it arrived Masters went straight up on his toes in a movement faster than the eye could follow. His clutching finger tips grabbed the base of an oil lamp hung on a wire from the ceiling beam. He jerked the lamp free and hurled it straight at Yancey's face. The masked man screamed and fired, but his shot went wild as he leaped backward to escape the lamp. It crashed against his gun hand, bounced off and slammed down onto the floor. The glass globe shattered and oil and flame splashed in all directions.

In the flick of an eyelash the room was a bedlam, but the instant Masters had hurled the lamp he had followed up with a diving charge. Flames leaped for him but he ripped through them to crash against the staggering Captain Yancey. Masters streaked out both hands, grabbed the still upraised gun, twisted with all his strength and pivoted at the same time. The gun came free from Yancey's clutching fingers and the vicious turning motion sent the masked man reeling across the floor.

Masters heard the shrill scream of R-47 as Yancey slammed into her. With flames all about him he dropped to one knee and swung around. He saw Carl Luntz. The Bund leader's face was that of a devil, and he was



swinging a gun. Masters pulled trigger and Luntz went limp and toppled forward. The Lone Eagle followed the first shot with a second one that slammed straight into the other oil lamp hanging from the ceiling. It crashed to the floor and exploded.

As flames blazed up Masters spun and dived for the door.

"Shoot him, you fools!" came R-47's scream. "Shoot!"

Shots banged in back of Masters, but he had dropped flat and he heard them whine over his head. The whole room was full of acrid smoke now and it was his salvation. He squirmed around on his belly and wriggled to the left. A foot struck his, a voice cried out, and a body fell heavily to the floor. By then he was up and dashing through the blinding smoke, head down. He only stopped when he crashed against the table on the far side of the room.

Whipping out both hands, he fumbled for the file case and found it. He slapped the drawers shut, tucked the case under one arm, then darted along the wall toward the rear of the room. He plowed headlong into a man, pulled the trigger of his gun. The "obstruction" fell out of his way and he plunged onward to the rear windows.

**H**E KICKED out the glass with his foot, scrambled through and dropped. A bush clump softened his fall, but sharp branch tips raked his face and hands. He heard cries above him and flame and sound came spitting out through the smoke-blurred broken window. Even as he twisted furiously to the side and started circling the house, a white spear of flame streaked across his right shoulder.

Teeth clenched against the pain, he plunged forward through the darkness afforded by the towering trees, and headed toward the mountainside hangars. Behind him came shouts and wild cries and intermittent shots.

Though he was still far from being out of danger, he grinned.

"Wipe yourselves out, rats!" he grunted. "That would suit everybody fine!"

He swerved sharply to the right. The hell bedlam inside the main house had attracted all the others about the place. A squad of armed men were rushing through the trees directly ahead. In the nick of time the Lone Eagle streaked deeper into the woods, then hugged the ground while the others pounded on by. Then he was on his feet again and racing for the first of the mountainside hangars. Just let him get into one of those parked P-40s and good-bye to their efforts to catch him!

A groan spilled off his lips when he saw that men stood guard over the hangar that contained the P-40s. True, there were a couple of the fast pursuit ships in the hangar nearest him, and no guards either. However, the two pursuit planes were parked in back of the cabin Stinson. He skidded to a halt and crouched down. He could take his chances of battling his way through the guards and getting one of those P-40s into the air, or he could slip into the unguarded hangar and stake his hopes on the Stinson.

"The Stinson wins!" he muttered. "Too many guards in that other hangar."

By the time fifteen seconds had ticked by he had scrambled under the canvas hangar siding and was heading for the door of the Stinson. In that instant a man loomed up in front of him. A man whose hands were clutching a rifle. Vision and action were one for Masters.

Without checking his stride he threw his gun whip-arm style. A shot would have brought others racing from the next hangar. But his aim was dead center. The gun hit the man square in the forehead and he toppled over backward.

Before he had hit the floor the Lone Eagle was inside the Stinson and slid-

ing into the seat. A flash glance around set his heart to thumping wildly. Originally built as a commercial plane, it had been changed into a military ship—in a way. Two Brownings had been mounted on the floor, and they fired through two holes on either side of the engine cowling. It was a clever arrangement and could not be noticed except from inside the ship.

"Just another little R-Forty-seven trick," Masters grunted and reached for the starter button. "I wonder how many poor devils who got too close were shot down by Gurtz, or one of the others, in this crate."

At the first roar of the engine in the nose Masters kicked off the wheel brakes and got the plane rolling out the hangar—straight into a hell roar of shouts and shots. Ducking low he rammed the throttle wide open and kicked right rudder. The Stinson spun practically on one wheel, and two blurred figures racing out to grab the wing tips were toppled over like ten-pins.

Bullets hammered into the Stinson and cabin glass showered down on Masters, but he simply crouched low and prayed for the Stinson to pick up speed. It did, and went engine-howling down the narrow strip of flying field.

**A**S THOUGH a signal had been fired, the mountains on both sides of the strip of ground became alive with rifle and machine-gun fire. The Stinson bucked and staggered under the terrific hail of bullets. Its engine skipped and the Lone Eagle's heart almost exploded in his chest. However, the engine picked up instantly and he was able to clear the wheels and zoom the ship up toward the ever lightening sky.

The instant he had sufficient altitude he banked sharply and went thundering through the opening between two mountain slopes. More shots greeted him but from far off

and he didn't even bother to zigzag. He simply kept his free hand pressed hard against the wide-open throttle.

Something—he didn't know what—caused him to jerk open the cabin window, stick his head out, and look back. What he saw froze his blood in his heart. Three P-40s were rocketing up through the opening between the mountains, coming up on him at comet speed.

A rough guess gave him five minutes before those P-40s would be within range. Five minutes in which to roar out of Mexico and get down onto good old U.S.A. soil!

A single glance ahead toward the thin line in the distance that was the Rio Grande told him he didn't stand a hope! The five minutes were just as helpful as five seconds. Those three P-40s would be streaking rings around him long before Texas was under his wings.

"But keep going!" he bellowed aloud to himself. "Nothing like trying!"

As though to ridicule his words he heard the rattle of machine-gun fire in back of him. He glanced down at the two Brownings mounted on the floor. They were loaded and ready for action. The trigger trips were fitted to the Dep wheel he clutched. He grinned.

"Never heard tell of a commercial job nailing a military ship," he grunted. "But maybe can do. Damned if we won't try!"

Jerking his free hand off the throttle he rested both thumbs on the trigger trips and waited, his heart in his throat. Perhaps the full five minutes ran their course, but it seemed to Masters that he had no sooner touched his thumbs to the trigger trips when all hell came thumping down on the Stinson's tail.

"Now it comes!" he shouted, and kicked the Stinson over and down.

Twisting in the seat he caught sight of the three P-40s. One was tearing straight at him, guns blazing. The



other two had pulled off to the sides as though to cut off retreat in case the Lone Eagle slipped free of the single ship.

He yanked out of his dive and skidded flat through the air. The P-40 tried to drop down and cut in but its speed was too great. It overshoot the mark and went wing-howling past. But not before the Lone Eagle caught a flash glimpse of the masked man crouched in the pit.

"An asbestos rat, huh?" Masters shouted. "You didn't get burned up, so—"

The rest was drowned out by the savage yammer of his own guns. One of the other P-40s had come swinging in close to check the Lone Eagle's maneuver, and for a split second its pilot had been foolish. He had presented his all-metal ship broadside to the Lone Eagle's guns. Yes, an all-metal ship, but the cockpit cowlings were of glass and John Masters was considered a crack shot even when flying a kite.

**H**HE PROVED it when his double burst virtually tore the cockpit cowlings off the P-40. The shots carried on inside and into the skull of the helmeted figure in the pit. The P-40 jumped sideward in the air, then dropped sharply by the nose and headed straight for earth in a roaring power dive that no dead man could check.

"Did it!" Masters bellowed wildly. "That's one less, anyway!"

But as Masters twisted the Stinson out of its corkscrew dive and started to zoom for altitude, he realized that one less didn't mean a thing. There were still two P-40s in the air, and right now they were streaking down on him from perfect cold-meat-shot positions.

His number was up this time. Sure, he'd about ruined the secret headquarters at Cedrito. Maybe R-47 was dead, as he knew Luntz was. And the precious files were jammed securely

under the Stinson's seat. But Yancey still lived, and the Fifth Column membership, its places of cached arms and munitions, were still unknown to the U.S. authorities.

"Another break!" Masters prayed desperately and hurled the Stinson over and down. "Just one!"

The vicious yammer of aerial machine-gun fire punctuated his words. Instinctively he steeled his body and waited for the hot steel to tear the life out of him. It didn't come, and he snapped a quick glance out the Stinson's window. And almost fell out of his seat in dumbfounded amazement. One of the attacking P-40s was slithering earthward at the front end of a huge ball of fire and smoke.

A lung-bursting yell poured off the Lone Eagle's lips as he saw a P-40 go sweeping down past him at meteor speed. A pilot in the pit waved one hand wildly and the grinning face of Phil Warren faced him across the intervening air space.

What, when, where, and how? Masters didn't know. But there was Phil Warren—good old Phil who had just saved his hide for perhaps the umpteenth time during their years of war flying!

The sight of Phil Warren charged Masters with a fighting recklessness that was far beyond plain daring. Shouting at the top of his voice he whirled the Stinson around and charged blindly for the remaining P-40 of the original death trio. The instant he saw the pilot hunched forward over the stick he knew that the pilot was the masked Captain Yancey.

"Like getting money from home!" Masters thundered, and jabbed both trigger trips.

The very fury of the attack threw Yancey off balance. He returned the vicious fire, then went yellow, and swerved from the path of the onrushing Stinson flown by a crazy man.

A swerve to the left, and then another rat gnawed no more at the foun-

dations of American liberty. He died, and went plummeting earthward, slumped forward in his bullet-riddled cockpit.

"And no happy landings, even in hell, for you!" Masters bellowed, and pulled the Stinson up in a wild power zoom. . . .

**F**IVE hours later John Masters sat in the mess lounge of Beckville H.Q. with a much needed drink in his hand. Seated across the table was Phil Warren, also armed with liquid refreshment. The valuable files were already in General Marsh's hands, and the wheels of justice were speeding up.

Soon, very soon, certain persons throughout the country would be quietly rounded up, and silently whisked away. Quiet raids would be made and thousands of guns and ammunition would be carted away to Government armories. Rat traitors would be plucked from the ranks of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Corps. In short, Uncle Sam would fumigate his house and rid it of the vermin from over-seas—and probably the American public would never know what had transpired until years to come.

"Okay, my little man," Masters suddenly said. "All I know, yet, is that you came down there and saved my life, and how! Yet you admit you did not get the last of my Cedrito message. How come? And don't tell me it was luck. You're holding out."

"I just stole some of your stuff, kid," Warren said, and grinned. "I mean I saw your fine Italian hand and went to work, myself."

"Clear as mud!" Masters growled. "Cut the modesty! How come you came straight to Cedrito?"

"Well, it was this way," Warren said, and grinned again. "When your dot-dash message from San Saba about the tank bombs was suddenly cut short, I got worried. I spoke to the general and he agreed I should head

that way, pronto. I did, and of course I saw the two crashed planes. I circled and spotted your boy friend all tied up like a package from Macy's. I landed and made one guess. You had been to work on him. Well—"

"So you went to work, too, huh?" Masters grunted.

"It was easy," Warren said. "You'd softened him up for me. He told everything—and I knew that Cedrito was my next stop. And there you were getting your face damn near shot off. Now it's your turn. You told the general you met Yancey, but that he wore a mask and you didn't see his face. But I can read you like a book, my friend. You know who he is—was—don't you? Okay, spill it to me."

"I'll ask some questions first," Masters said. "Who knew I had been sent for?"

"Marsh, me, Parks, and a couple of others," Warren said.

"I thought so," Masters murmured. "And he told me he thought I was in Europe. Should have realized then, but—Listen! Ever tell anybody about that five-letter-back code of ours?"

"Huh?" asked Warren. "Yeah, sure! Matter of fact, Lieutenant Parks was a nut about codes, and I told . . . For God's sake, *no!*"

"Yes!" Masters corrected. "Now you can see why I said nothing to Marsh. He's a swell guy, a fine officer, and he's doing a fine job for the Army. Naturally, he picked his aide-de-camp himself. Even the best make mistakes. But I'll never let out with the truth so sappy politicians and jealous brass hats can build a fire under General Marsh. He's not the first general to be betrayed by one of his own officers. And to my way of thinking he's too good a soldier for Uncle Sam to lose."

**M**ASTERS paused long enough to take a drink.

"No wonder Yancey seemed to have the inside track all the time," he mused. "And of course it's simple why he wore a mask when with his



own rats. He was the real working head of the mob and he was taking no chances of being spotted. As Marsh's aide, and unknown to his own kind, he was in a perfect spot to see that there was no doublecrossing in the Fifth Column ranks. No, Phil, that's our little secret, and we're keeping it. The U. S. A. needs Marsh, and plenty soldiers like him!"

"The same old Lone Eagle," Warren murmured softly. "That's one of

the things I like about you, besides your funny face. You're always helping the other guy, saving him from unjust heartache and shame."

"Well, wouldn't you do something for the other guy?" Masters demanded angrily.

"Sure I would, if I got the chance," Warren nodded.

"Okay, then." The Lone Eagle grinned, and held out his empty glass. "Two-thirds Scotch, and no ice, boy!"



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# THE STORY OF THE COVER

**W**HEN the present war is over and men have returned to their jobs; when the children of belligerent nations, evacuated from bomb-ridden cities grow to manhood and womanhood; when the years will have softened the heartaches left by the loss of loved ones on the field of battle and in the debris of ruined cities, men will still talk of the greatness of the Royal Air Force.

The unbeatable courage, the indomitable spirit of the Corps, individually and collectively, is graphically depicted on this month's cover. It is based on an incident recently gathered over the short-wave radio from a news broadcast directly from embattled England. Calmly the tale was recounted; quietly, and in so matter-of-fact a manner that one would think the event a commonplace occurrence.

Observed from a low altitude by his more fortunate mates above him, this R.A.F. observer carried on when all the odds were in favor of the enemy.

Six Boulton Paul Defiants rode off a tarmac of a hidden British airdrome on the coast of England for a straff job on a German gun emplacement on the coast of France.

In a matter of minutes the six Defiants were diving at their target concealed a mile off the beach at Dunkirk, and the wing guns barked furiously at the German gunners as the British ship thundered over the camouflaged Bertha.

As quickly as the Defiant roared over and the wing guns ceased their angry tirade of flaming steel, the rear guns in the turret took up the death cry and poured extermination under the empennage toward the men below.

## *The Defiants Battle On!*

One by one Defiant followed Defiant in the straff. Men in gray-green darted frantically for cover. Some managed to get away. More dropped in their tracks to lie and rot by their gun. Out of the sky several miles behind the gun emplacement black-crossed Messerschmitts poured to the defense of the German battery, but the Defiants, making good their name, ignored the speeding menace and continued to lay waste to the foliage-covered death-trap.

Armored cars with small anti-aircraft guns poured out of the wood and fired at the straffing Britishers. In a great circle rode the Defiants; diving toward the battery and armored cars now, and high-throating away in a steady stream to turn and dive again.

Madsen cannons barked from the rear turrets of the Defiants. One armored car after another was blasted out of commission. A lucky shot from a German machine-



gun found one British pilot. His gunner felt the Defiant wobble out of control at the end of a dive. A hurried look at the limp, bleeding head of his pilot and he knew it would be only a matter of seconds when he too would go to meet him; when the Defiant would be a mass of ruins as it ended up in a clump of trees for which the roaring plane was heading.

The man held his breath; closed his eyes. If he had to go out, he didn't want to see it happen. There was a terrible crash; a roar that rang in his ears and almost split his ear drums. A sudden ripping, tearing sound, the snapping of metal spars, the thunder of exploding dural and then—oblivion.

The gunner was out for a very short time. He came to and felt a horrible pain gripping him about the heart. The pain rose from two shattered legs. A pain in his chest told him of broken ribs. Then the sound of machine-guns reached his ears. He saw splinters rise from the wreckage as it was picked up by German bullets. Obviously, the Swastikaed men in gray-green wanted to make sure there was nothing left of the Defiant or its crew.

## *He'd Go Out Fighting!*

The gunner's head lay on what was left of his turret frame. He groaned pitifully as he tried to turn his broken body over so that he might reach his remaining gun. If he had to die, he would go out fighting.

This was the silent spirit—the unwritten code of the R.A.F. This was the *Esprit de Corps* so often dinned into the ears of the men of the original R.A.F. back in 1918. And this same spirit lived on in the sons of those men now fighting a war their fathers had not finished.

Slowly, painfully the British gunner  
(Concluded on page 105)



# SPOOK SPAD

By JOE ARCHIBALD

Author of "Chocks and Blondes," "Plane Jane," etc.



The limb breaks and I pancake on the wing

*Now You See It, Now You Don't, When Ambrose Hooley and Muley Spink Cut Camouflage Capers in the Jerries' Backyard!*

I STILL think I dreamed it all after I drank up two quarts of absinthe spiked with adrenalin. I wish I was sure though, but I won't ever be. It was all because of Ambrose Hooley, who is my hutmate on the drome of the Ninety-third Squadron

near Commercy, France. And his Uncle Willie.

Ambrose is a little mug who is not even afraid of anything and would sleep with a leper if you bet him up to a franc. Ambrose can fight better upstairs and down than anybody in the

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## AN AMBROSE HOOLEY HOWLER

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A. E. F. What's more, he knows it. Let me tell you what happened. I am Muley Spink.

One day, when everything is going nice and peaceful on the drome, Ambrose Hooley comes in late from a patrol over the Kraut lines. His Spad looks like it has been hit with everything that flies in Germany and contains more holes than a nutmeg grater.

"I had a forced landin' over in Alice-Lorraine," Ambrose says. "I drove a Heinie limousine off the road as it was in my way. A slug nicked my dome and made me dizzy for awhile, so I had to git down and git some water. Am I very late?"

Ambrose goes over to the hut with me, as he seems to have some other things on what mind he has that he did not tell to the C.O. Major Bagby has not been in the mood to talk to anybody of late, as he has got asthma bad and is close to a wreck.

"Look, Muley," Ambrose says. "Look what I got from the Boche cashier. A bag of marks. There is a Frog in Commercy who buys them."

"Huh?" I yelp. "What for? They are no good. Look, you homely to-mater, what are you up to now? Don't get me into it!"

"Who is? I do not intend to whack up with nobody on this deal," Ambrose says.

"There is a package on the table there for you," I says. "And a letter from your Uncle Willie. Don't open either of them."

Ambrose rips the letter open and he reads it to me.

"Dear nephew," Ambrose says, "here is something I am sending that will astound the world. It means the U. S. and the Allies win quick and all Hooleys will be rich. It makes a plane invisible and I guess everybody has been trying to do that, Ambrose. I have discovered the secret and inclose directions and formula for you to show the Army's chemists. One quart of the stuff makes eighty gallons of invisible paint—"

"I've heard enough," I cry out. "I don't want no more. Uncle Willie is nutty and you know it."

"Ha-ha," Ambrose laughs. "I think so too. I will pay no attention to it. But don't you dare insult my flesh and blood no more, Muley Spink. I can do it, but don't you dare to!"

I heave a great sigh and promise never to mention his Uncle Willie again. Ambrose starts prettying up for a journey into Commercy after mess.

**I** LET Ambrose go to town alone, as I am getting quite smart of late. He does not get back until midnight, and I open one glimmer and watch him stuff something under his mattress. Just twenty-four hours later there is you-know-what to pay as a Frog arrives on the drome with two brass hats. Major Bagby calls Ambrose into the Operations shack and says I have to come, too, as a witness.

"Hooley!" Major Bagby yelps in a very rasping voice, showing that his asthma is kicking up. "Did you sell German marks in Commercy? Did you get two hundred francs for a whole bale of 'em? That is a criminal offense and it means jail for life!"

"Why—er—what is all the fuss? An old Frog wanted them. I sold him a few last week," Ambrose protests. "It is just a way I have of making extra dough, as the U. S. Air Force pays starvation wages and the Air Corps is full of smart crap shooters and—"

"Sacre!" a little Frog says. "My grawnperere he ees cafard! As you say in America, ze pot who ees cracked. The lieutenant knows he ees crazee an' cheats heem. Mon grawnperere he theenks Beesmark ees steel alive an' weel win like in eighteen-seventy, *oui!* So he buys eet German marks to be rich when ze Heinies win. Eet ees ze outrage! I have ze satisfaction and—"

"Go get that argent, you little runt!" Bagby nasals. "Oh-h-h—my asthma is worse now. Excitement



raises old Ned with it. Lieutenant Hooley, I will stand no more from you! You are under arrest, and don't you dare leave this drome or by cripes—ugh—ugh—aw-w-w-w-w-w-wn—glrp! You are going to get yourself busted!"

"I am makin' rest—resta—I am giving the dough back, ain't I?" Ambrose says indignantly. "How did I know the old Frog was nuts? I will fight this case to the highest U. S. courts. I know my rights!"

"G-g-get out of here," Major Bagby spouts, the floodgates in his peepers wide open. "Oh-h-h, this asthma! I would give a million bucks for a cure. I would sell my soul for—get out, Hooley, before I tear your arms off and hit y-you over the h-h-head w-with 'em. Ugh-ugh—aw-w-w-wk!"

"He is in bad shape, huh?" I says. "I bet he will get invalidated home an' we'll git a worse C.O. You did not help his asthma any, Ambrose Hooley!"

"I got to lick this thing, Muley," the little half-wit says. "I got a swell dame back home who says she will marry me if I git to be a captain. I will see if Uncle Willie has really got something this time, as what can I lose?"

"I hope it will be your dome, if the stuff blows up," I says.

**T**HAT night at mess the buzzards talk about the C.O.'s asthma, and Bugeye Boomer who leads A Flight says he read once about a doctor who found a sure cure for asthma just before the *guerre*. The trouble was that he was a Heinie and quit the U. S. when the war broke out.

"I was going to study to be a doctor," Bugeye says. "I read a lot about medicines and things. This Kraut had a sure cure and proved it. He said you had to know what caused asthma before you could stop it. He claimed he could give anybody asthma and then knock it out of him!"

"That is why he went to Germany

quick," Ambrose pipes up. "Them squareheads are worse than cobras. I bet he dropped something down here that gives the C.O. asthma and we'll all git it. Nobody can go up where the air is thin with asthma, as it is hard enough to breathe on the ground when you got it."

"Now you got us all scared!" Bug-eye sniffed. "You would cheer up orphans by burning down their home. Why did I bring it up?"

"Asthma is tough," Ambrose goes on. "Maybe Bagby will choke to death before he can court-martial me, ha ha! I would like to find that Kraut doctor, wouldn't you, Muley?"

We all insult Ambrose and then stop speaking to him and he goes out, not that he is sensitive. Ambrose Hooley has a skin thicker than a rhino's pelt. I find out afterwards that he wanted to see what Uncle Willie had sent to him. When I walk into the hut, Ambrose reads the rest of the letter.

"Uncle Willie says you take a piece of pure glass, Muley," Ambrose says. "It is transparent, ain't it? A certain chemical coarseness is all that stops it from being invisible. Well, Uncle Willie has done away with the part you can see and has concentrated it. It is powdered glass treated with other stuff, and you mix it up like bug poison and spray planes with it. Look, I am making a batch! I will try it out in the A.M. by spraying a piece of tin with it."

"Good evenin', Ambrose," I says. "I will not sleep here tonight, as you are violent and that stuff might either blow us up or poison us. I will ask for a transfer tomorrow."

"I guess they laughed when Edison made a light bulb, Muley Spink! You are only a septic an' won't believe in inventors."

"We was talkin' about Uncle Willie," I says. "That is different. Adoo."

I wish I could forget what happened to me about nine A.M. the next

morning. Ambrose hands something to me that I cannot see.

"Here—take it," Ambrose says.

"What?" I reply. "There is nothing in your hand, you crackpot. Go away or I will yell for—"

Ambrose nudges me with something. I can feel it but I cannot see it. I drip worry dew and can hear the drops hit like mothballs on the ground.

"I—Ambrose, what is it?"

"It is a piece of tin sprayed with Hooley Ghost Paint. Come on, we will see the Old Man."

**A**MBROSE shows the C.O. what he has by tossing it down on the floor. It makes a loud tinny sound but nobody can see what makes it. I feel the need of a alienist too. Major Bagby and a visiting brass hat ask each other what day it is and where each other comes from and how old each other are.

"It—it is c-colossal," the brass hat finally says as he gropes around until he feels the sheet of tin. "It—it will revolutionize air fightin'. Lieutenant, you will be famous!"

"I would like to give a practical demonstration, gents," Ambrose says. "I will go up in a plane sprayed with it and see if you can see it. I—how about them charges against me, Major, huh? It is no use wasting my time if I am to be broke, as I am not going to let anybody beat a Hooley out of the royalties an'—"

"Come now, Ambrose," Major Bagby says. "We are all hasty. This blasted asthma was to blame, not me. Now if somebody w-will only—find a cure for asthma, everything—ugh-ugh-ugh—git me that bottle of medicine quick. I—I am ch-choking—"

"Hah, I bet he would swap that invisible paint for an asthma cure," Ambrose quipped. "Well, let's go out an' git a Spad sprayed."

"I remember now, Major," Bugeye Boomer says. "That Heinie doctor's name was Heinrich Smootz."

"Thanks, Boomer. I will go right over to Munich and see him," Bagby yelps nasty and swings on the flight leader. It almost brought on another attack of asthma and Ambrose hurried to get a big bottle of stuff that was on the C.O.'s desk. I still am not sold on Uncle Willie.

Ambrose supervises the spraying of Hooley Ghost Paint on the Spad he is going to fly, and the stuff has a smell that is not from attar of roses. It smells like the back door of an undertaking shop, and I says to Ambrose maybe you will be embalmed the minute you crack up.

"You are jealous," Ambrose snaps. "Boys, I am almost scared, as you can hardly see this crate on the ground, can you?"

"Amazing!" a brass hat says, repeating himself.

"I knew Uncle Willie would hit on something yet," Ambrose chuckles. "Nobody can miss forever. I will be vice-president of the company and will see my friends git in on the ground floor."

The little tomater looks at me nasty when he says it, and I know I am out. I wished I had not been so loud-mouthed about Uncle Willie, as it looks as if the screwball had finally hit the jackpot.

"I was only kidding all the time, Ambrose," I says.

"Everybody clear the field," Bagby yelps. "When you can't see nothing, you can't duck it, huh? Ready, Lieutenant Hooley?"

"I am ready to make history," Ambrose says, and climbs into the office. "I bet the Krauts will be surprised to hear a Hisso going, and seeing nothing holding it up. Ha ha! Have Pershing and some U. S. backers here as soon as you can, Major. Bomb swore!"

If I had not seen it, I would never have believed it.

It looks like a shadow taking off, and when it is upstairs it fades



right away. Everybody on the drome have their eyes bugged out and their mouths open like fishes staring at visitors in an aquarium. It was a day that belonged by rights in a night in Arabia.

"We got to keep off the tarmac, as you will not know where he lands," Bagby says. "Keep your ears open for the sound of the Hisso."

"I got a feeling I don't like," I says. "This is too spooky even for Ambrose Hooley. Uncle Willie will be the death of the little bum yet."

"You are a wet blanket, Spink," the C.O. says. "Nothing is impossible in science. Why—"

"You are talking about Uncle Willie Hooley," I point out. "If there is anything impossible, he will prove it. Ha ha."

I am a little unbalanced and stagger to the Nisson. I say a little prayer for Ambrose, because I feel he needs one.

The time crawls by like it has anvils tied to its undercarriage. No word from Ambrose Hooley. He has been out a half hour and Bagby and everybody are circling the field and nibbling at their digits. An hour passes and we hear no sound like a Hisso upstairs. We congregate near the old well not far from the ammo shack and we have got faces longer than Baptist sermons.

"I bet he's landed, and we can't see him, and he is havin' a laugh," Bugeye says.

"That stuff wasn't transparent only," I says. "It was a powerful vanishin' cream that Uncle Willie made by mistake, an' Ambrose has vanished along with the crate."

"It had a forced landing and the Krauts can't see it," somebody else offered. "So how can they report it? I knew this was poison. It was sacreligious, as nobody is supposed to make anythin' you can't see—only wind."

"All of you shut up!" Major Bagby yelps. "My asthma is worse now. I ought to know anything that Hooley done would be bad news. He run

away to get out of being busted. Oh, if he ever gits back—"

"We will find the formula in his hut," Bugeye says. "Just because Ambrose did not come back does not prove the ghost paint didn't work. We'll spray all the crates and go and find the Alb drome."

"No soap," I sigh. "I thought you bums knew Ambrose. He took the formula. You think he would leave it where somebody could get it and get rich on? Hah!"

"That fathead!" Major Bagby says and fights off a bad asthma attack. "I have a good mind to fly over there and give myself up and ask for Doctor Smootz. I would swap an Allied ammo dump for that antidote for asthma. Awright, scatter, you buzzards. Ambrose is not the first flyer to go west. There is a patrol to make in just five minutes, so git the lead out of your pants!"

**WE GO** over at noon and I keep looking for signs of Ambrose Hooley, even though I know he was invisible when he left. We meet some Alb Scouts nursing a Rumpler over Mont Sec and they outnumber us, but Bugeye and all of us are out to avenge Ambrose, as after all he worked for Uncle Sam. By a great maneuver, I get behind one of the vons and I shoot a lot of important accessories off his wagon, and he would have been better off if he had come upstairs in a wheel chair.

I see Bugeye smash up the radiator of another Alb and you would think a wash-boiler had boiled over. The Kraut was parboiled, I'll bet, when he got down to real estate. Me and Bugeye get the Rumpler and what we do to it was a caution. I shoot a pair of struts off it and Bugeye comes up under its floorboards and peppers away, and I see the Kraut gunner reach for his empennage and crawl up over his parabellum gun which is hot enough to fry eggs on. The Heinie is slipping toward the Rumpler's rudder

post when I zoom to help knock an Alb off Lieutenant Patch's tail.

It is my best day against the vons since I landed in France, as I got a pair, but over-confidence is a bad thing, though, as the next jackpot almost goes to a Heinie. Something hits me and I do not think it is nothing less than a hod filled with hard coal as the sky falls on me. When I wake up again, the Spad is in a spin like a whirling Dervish, and what a fight I have with it in getting it out.

My noggin keeps spinning after the Spad stops, and I level out and head for the U. S. lines. But a Spandau slug has made an absent-minded professor out of me, and when I land it is back of the Jerry ditches. I have to land as the gas has dried up. It is a deserted spot where I put the Spad down and it is close to a woods. I do not lose no time getting into the woods. What a mess for Muley Spink!

I hide like a rabbit all that day, and when darkness moves in, I move out, and just as I get out of the woods, I fall into a bog that has mud the color of coffee with cream. After dragging my fuselage out of the soup, I hear somebody talking and it is not pixies. It is Krauts. They almost trample me as I hide in some old brush and leaves.

"Well, I have got to get shelter somewheres," I says—to myself. "Or the whole Kraut army might come this way. I wonder where Ambrose is."

I wander most of the night and sleep in an old cistern after driving rats out of it. I am quite gaga and do not wake up until late the next P.M. There is a garter snake curled up on my chest and a centipede is nibbling at my ear. I says to myself I had better give myself up. What a mess I am in, as the mud I got on me has dried and I look like a statue out of a park. At dusk, Muley Spink is on the move again, and just after dusk he sees an old chateau across a stream that is not very deep.

"Well," I says. "Maybe it is filled

with Krauts, but who cares. Even Ambrose Hooley couldn't go on forever."

**I** FORD the stream and come to the back end of the chateau, and I see it has been kissed by a shell or two in the early part of the *guerre*, and part of the roof is caved in. I crawl out of the drink and find a door that opens, and I go in and I hear voices that are as thick as potato soup. Heinies!

There is a long winding stairs beckoning to me and up I go, and I get dizzy turning corners. I figure I am as high as the Eifel Tower before I get to the roof, and then I almost fall off the chateau as the stairs ends too quick and I grab onto a beam and hug it close.

I look down into a big yard where there is a bunch of squareheads and one or two Boche brass hats. Then I hear a Kraut jalopy coming toward the chateau, and I scootch down closer to the beam and look about me. I almost pancake to the yard, as on each side of me is a big beam like I am glued to, and squatting on them is two awful looking ogres. They are gargoyles, and the Frogs put them on chateaus to scare evil spirits away.

"It is a mess I am in," I sigh, "this beam shakes, and it might fall off any time."

Some guys get out of the Heinie hack. Two Jerry officers and a little—I grab onto the beam and stifle a yell, as who do you think it is? Of course it is Ambrose Hooley!

"Wee gates," Ambrose says to somebody. "Well, it is time to make a deal, if my demonstration pleases you, mine froinds."

"Ach, Gott, he is right," a tall skinny Teuton says. "Ofer me in air-drome I hear der Spad undt oudt of it something drops, Herr Oberst. Idt ist a helmet and goggles, and has a message on idt. Idt says 'How ist dot for abbles?' Ja! I hear der engine budt see noddng budt der shadow on der groundt. Himmell!"



"Ha ha," Ambrose laughs, and he does not seem scared of the Krauts. "Of course it works. I will prove it."

Ambrose and three Heinie brass hats come across the yard, and suddenly the little tomato looks right up at me. He grabs a Kraut by the arm.

"Look at that gargerl there," Ambrose yips. "Ain't it the worst looking one you ever saw? It is awful!"

"Ja. Donnervetter. Such ein ugly vun, ja. Ve go in undt drink der toast undt talk ofer der business, Leutnant, ja?"

"Jar," Ambrose says. "You are sure the Doc will arrive? If he does, it means you bums win the *guerre* and will be dancin' with Follies Begere dames in Paree in less than a month. I am in bad over on the other side and let them git a taste of Leutnant Hooley's apples for once. I am sick of the *guerre* anyway, Herr Obust."

"You dirty traitor, you!" I growl, and wish I had at least an anvil to drop on Ambrose before he gets out of sight. But he goes into the chateau with the Heinies. I start inching along the beam, backwards, and the beam makes an awful creaking sound that puts icicles on my spine. Anyway, I make it, and I step across a big hole in the floor and go into an old room where there is nothing but cobwebs, mice and spiders. I sit down and scratch my dome.

**A**MBROSE HOOLEY has landed in Germany, but where is his Spad? I happen to think it is invisible—but is it, at night? Why would the crackpot do a Benedict Arnold when he was on his way to being a millionaire with the ghost paint? The U. S. would pay him more argent than the Kaiser would. Well, I says to myself, Muley Spink won't let the little mug sell out the Allies. Not while there is a puff of air in his bellows. I can hear voices coming up from somewhere, and then some light comes up through a hole in the floor of my room and I look down into the hole.

A shell with its nose down must have dropped smack dab on the roof of the chateau and drilled a hole from roof to ground floor. About sixty feet below, I can see Ambrose and four Krauts around a table, and they are drinking *schnapps* or something. That is the way things break for Muley Spink, as there he is spitting cotton and does not dare complain. I listen.

"Awright, I brought a little bottle of the stuff with me," Ambrose says. "Give me ein piece of tin and something to spray it with. I will make this disappear like a Spad before your eyes, Excellents."

"Bah!"

"I bet you fifty marks," Ambrose says. "Put up or shut up! Ah—er—what is that?"

"Somebody is arriving and it must be Doctor Smootz in the Junker. I said I make der bargain, Leutnant!"

"Goot!"

The Kraut prop outside sheds a lot of revs and then it stops buzzing. Just as a Kraut brings what looks like a fly sprayer in, the door opens down there and a big Kraut with a monocle joins the fun.

"Wie gehts? I am Herr Doktor Smootz. Wast ist?"

There is quite a conflag, and when it is over Smootz shakes hands with Ambrose and starts talking. I get chills with fevers.

"Ah, der asthma cure, hein? You love der mutter so much you make her well even if idt giffs der Allies a knockout punch, ja? Ach, I make der bargain with such ein gut son, ja! If—"

"You liar!" I growl—to myself. "Ambrose, you git lower and lower, and you could walk under a duck with a dunce cap on and not bend the tip of it. Oh-h-h-h-h, I won't let this traitor escape!"

I try to get it. Why is Ambrose after the asthma cure? He never was in love with Major Bagby. What would it get the little crackpot? I tell myself he has gone nutty.

"Now," Ambrose says, and I see him hold up the piece of tin, "spray it, Hans, and then watch it disappear. Of course, this is not natural light here, and you may see it a little, but—"

A Kraut hunkey pumps the rusty spray can. Uncle Willie's ghost paint begins to do the business, and then I hear a Herr Oberst swear in Heinie.

"Himmel! Loogk vunce! Idt ist so! Gott sie dank, undt Deutschland uber alles. Ja!"

"Donnervetter!"

"Ach du lieber! If I don't see mit mein own eyes—"

"Not bad, huh?" Ambrose says. "Well, I hand over the formula to the Kraut who takes me toward the lines just before he lets me bale out in the chute. Then he gives me the cure for asthma, as which one of us would dare do a doublecross at that time, huh?"

"Der bargain idt ist," a Herr Oberst says. "Doktor Smootz, you write out der cure on your vord of honor."

"Ah, mein dear mutter," Ambrose says after another gulp of *schnapps*. "Nothing in der vorld wouldn't I do for her, even commit treason. I will tell you where I landed my Spad just before I climb aboard the plane, Herr Obersts."

"I got to do something," I says, desperate. "I will save Ambrose from himself. I—"

There is two tin cans on the floor, and they are covered with dust. There is a fuse sticking out from the top of each can, and I pick one of the cans up. Muley Spink is not so stupid not to know what he has found.

"It is two jam tin grenades they used back in 'Fifteen, and I bet some Limeys was holed up here once," I says. "They tossed them down at the Krauts, maybe Uhlans, riding through. They beat it when the Jerry Krupps started pepperin' the chateau. Well, I will do or die, Ambrose Hooley, and if I die, you go west with me. You snake in the grass! I wish I could figure you out!"

Ambrose and the Krauts go out of the chateau. I crawl out onto the beam again, after putting the jam tins close to one of the gargoyles. There is a two-place Jerry crate in the yard, and one of its wing-tips almost grazes the side of the chateau. A pilot is getting into the pit, and he is shoving an envelope in the front of his leather flying coat.

The Kraut brass hats shake hands with Ambrose, and a Boche dough grabs the prop and bears down. The Junkers power-plant sucks at pep juice and starts perking.

Ambrose Hooley gets into the rear office of the pit and is just settling down when I see something coming that he can't. It is a German limousine, and it is doing at least seventy. Two Krauts are waving their arms and yelling. I reach for a jam tin and a bricquet and wait, as I think beans have been spilled and a lot nearer than Boston.

"Well, adoo," Ambrose says. "A fair exchange is no rob—er—what is the fuss? I—er—Oh-h h h!"

**I** SEE Ambrose bang the pilot over the coco and reach into the Jerry's coat and pull out the envelope. I see some Boche doughs coming from up in front of the two-seater and they are lifting their artillery. Ambrose Hooley spins around and starts swinging a Jerry machine-gun but the doughs behind him have got him dead to rights. I bite off a fuse a half inch from the top of a jam tin an' light it. I count three and heave it down into the yard.

Bo-o-o-o-ong!

It is quite a mess I make out of the Jerry doughs, and I guess the scrap iron the Limeys put in the tin had rusted and carried more moxey than usual.

"Hold 'em Ambrose," I yelp, and toss the second jam tin at the Heinie brass hats. They scatter all over the yard like chickens when an eagle lands in their midst. I start running



down the spiral stairs just after Ambrose blows the tires of the Kraut Rolls-Royce with slugs from the two-seater's machine-guns. I meet a Kraut on the stairs and kick him from here to Omsk. I can hear the Heinie crate putting on more gas and I tell myself that Ambrose is trying to leave me flat.

I go through a window that a shell has busted up and jump out to a tree limb and grab hold of it. The limb breaks and I pancake on something that gives under me a little. I start sliding just as I hear Ambrose yowling at me, and there is no power-plant in any crate that can out-yowl that crackpot.

"He-e-e-e-e-e-ey, Muley! Hang on!"

"I am not trying to get loose, ya fat-head!" I screech, and drape myself over the top wing of the two-seater like a bear rug.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Br-r-r-r-rt! Bullets are chasing us. I feel one plow close to my ribs and another one takes the opal stone out of a ring I am wearing on my right flipper. Something is tearing and it is not my pants.

A big piece of loose fabric starts slapping me in the ear. I swear at Ambrose, but he cannot hear me. The crate lifts off the ground after it seems we have flown for two hours at least and have been shot at by both Western and Eastern Front Jerry armies. Ambrose points it toward the lines, and he manages to go right over where there is two tough Archie nests.

I would bet a hundred bucks that we could have built a steam locomotive and three kitchen ranges out of all the iron the Heinies threw up at us, and I have to admire the Kraut telephone service. Once, a stove bolt hits me on the noggin, and I almost part company with Ambrose. U. S. gunners fire at us too, as we are not in no D.H. flying U. S. flags, and when Ambrose finally lands the Dutch job in a ploughed field, I and the wing fall off.

Ambrose drags me over under a big tree and slaps me wide-eyed.

"Oh, where are we?" I says. "Y-you traitor!"

"If I knew you were yourself, I would bat your brains out, Muley," Ambrose sniffs. "Come now, speak to me like a pal."

"I heard everything, Ambrose Hooley. You wanted to sell out the U. S. and your Uncle Willie. I will testify in court, you Judas Iscarrots, you!"

"Ah—er—why, Muley Spink! You was that garger! No wonder I never saw nothing before so awful lookin'. I ought to have knowed. Now listen, Muley. That ghost paint is poison! It gits heavier than cement after it has dried for awhile and I couldn't git it up to more'n fifteen hundred an' then it froze up all the controls like it was ice. I come down into some trees with a dead stick, and you could not have moved a tail-fin or a aileron with a crowbar."

"Wha-a-a-a-t?"

"That is right. The Krauts have been trying to find the Spad ever since I put it in them trees, but I told 'em they couldn't find it because it was invisible. Well, them Heinies who come in just as you tossed the bombs must have found it, as I saw one holding a piece of a prop and—I am glad you showed up, Muley!"

"B-but I don't git it, you moron," I yelp. "That asthma cure—"

"Now look, Muley," Ambrose says a little impatiently. "If I come back and told the C.O. that the ghost paint was no good, where would Ambrose end up, huh? In Blois, a buck private. So I had to think fast, and I walked into a Heinie airdrome and made myself right to home, and told them about the Spad that went over their domes but could not be seen. I says I was a spy and wanted to help the Kaiser. I had them send for Doctor Smootz. We met at the chateau, and—"

"Stop for a minute," I says. "My

dome is not quite in the pink, Ambrose." After a rest, I says: "Go on, you little tomater."

"So I says to myself, Muley, that I must get the asthma cure for good old Major Bagby. This Smootz had to be flown all the way from Zweibrücken. If I cure his asthma I think he will forget about me sellin' that Frog the Jerry argent. After all, I must look out for myself in this guerre, huh? Good old Muley!"

"Uncle Willie," I moan. "He will kill you yet or half of the A.E.F. Look, why didn't you let the Heinies have the formula, as they would make the paint and they would spray a whole Staffel of Albs or something, and go up and crack up. You ain't smart, after all, Ambrose."

"Muley," Ambrose says. "Don't be silly. They are smart chemists, the Krauts. They would find out what it was Uncle Willie forgot to put in or left out and might make an invisible crate that wouldn't git as heavy as a concrete mixer. Who is that comin'?"

"It is Yanks," I says. "Start swearin' in U. S., as they might toss a Mills bomb and ask are we on their side afterwards. I couldn't stand no more shellackin' tonight, Ambrose."

**T**HE doughs want to stick us with bayonets just for a lark, but Ambrose brushes one aside and gets in under a top-kick's guard and belts him with both hands.

"We are U. S. citizens," I yelp. "We stole a Boche buggy. Lissen. Twenty-three skiddoo! Tell it to Sweeney! Who threw the dungarees in Mrs. Murphy's chowder? Do you want me to recite Paul Revere's ride, you bums?"

"They are Yanks awright," a dough says. "Lay off, you mugs! They don't look so good now."

"We ain't just back from a clam bake," I says. "Who has some cone-yac?"

Me and Ambrose arrive at the drome of the Ninety-third Squadron

just after dawn and report to Major Bertram Bagby who is having a bad asthma attack. It jolts right out of his system when he sees Ambrose come in.

"Heavens!" Bagby tosses out. "W-where did y-you come from. You and Spink? Oh-h-h, no wonder I didn't see you come in. Invisible crate. How did it work, Hooley?"

"It didn't," Ambrose says. "It is a flop!"

"Wha-a-a-t?" Bagby yelps. "That is just too bad, Hooley. I'm going to get the chute greased and ready for you before sunset. I'll have the police in the U. S. arrest your Uncle Willie for washing up a brand new Spad. Oh, I should have known it was a cock-eyed — ugh — ugh-aw-w-w-w-w-wn—glr-r-rp. It is got me again—that lousy asthma. Water, Lieutenant—water!"

"We—er—stopped in Commercy," Ambrose says, handing the C.O. a bottle. "We dumped a Frog druggist out of bed an' made him mix up a prescription, sir. It is Dr. Smootz' sure cure for what you got, and I risked life and limb to git it. Take two teaspoons of it after each meal and tell me how you feel by evenin' mess. I will be in my Nisson waitin' for the jury. Good mornin' to you."

"Y-you kiddin' me, Hooley? If this is another invention, I'll—I'll—ugh-ugh-aw-w-w-wk—oh, I'll take it and I hope there is arsenic in it."

Me and Ambrose do not go upstairs, as a medico says by the looks of us we are not fit to send up kites for at least twenty-four hours. Bugeye Boomer and the rest of the buzzards come in between patrols and needle Ambrose about Blois.

"It is all uphill and the wheelbarriers are made of pig-iron," Lieutenant Murch says.

"They have got a hard-boiled Sarge who used to be a cop at San Quentin," Bugeye grins. "He has flogged eight ex-officers to death, as he hates officers."



It is worse than Devil's Island," Murch adds.

"Why don't you poke them one, Ambrose?" I ask. "You never stood so much before."

"I am waitin' for news from the patient," the little battler grins like a wolf. "If he is cured, he will not stop me from knockin' them kidders for a row of Nissons."

**W**E GO into the mess shack when day is done. All of us are sitting there eating beef stew when in walks Major Bagby. He is all dressed up and has got a shave and he calls out: "Hello, gentlemen. How is everybody this fine evening? Boy, am I in fine fittles!"

"How was the m-medicine?" Ambrose asks.

"Lieutenant Hooley, it is perfect. Could you go into Commerce with me this evening, you and Spink? I know where there is champagne and all," the C.O. says.

"I would love to," says Ambrose. "Let's all have fun."

He hits Bugeye in the ear with his

elbow and clouts Lieutenant Murch right in the prop boss. Then Ambrose leaps across the table and hits a pilot named Patch in the right eye.

"We must be going, Hooley," Major Bagby says. "B-but say, I just happened to think, fellers. Buyin' asthma medicine has got me short of funds. Have you two any argent?"

"I only got a franc," I says.

"I am broke," Ambrose groans. "B-but I got some Jerry marks in the hut. If—"

"G-get 'em, Hooley," Major Bagby says *sotto voce*. "We have a good chance of meetin' that old Frenchman and—let's hurry."

"Muley," Ambrose says. "It is sad. When I get back to the U. S. I think I will have to put Uncle Willie away."

"If you don't, I will," I counter as we climb into the squadron car.

An hour later we are splitting a pail of champagne in a swell buvette. We drink to Doktor Smootz—and an old Frog who thinks Bismark is still alive and will win the *guerre*. I still think I am dreaming.

*More Madcap Exploits of Ambrose Hooley and Muley Spink*  
in

## REEL HEROES

By JOE ARCHIBALD

COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE

# MAD



When a cough, due to a cold, drives you mad, Smith Brothers Cough Drops usually give soothing, pleasant relief. Black or Menthol—5%.

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# Memory Flight

By ARTHUR J. BURKS

Author of "The Powder Keg," "West Point of Tomorrow," etc.



Hogan saw a white man instantly pulled back by another

CAPTAIN HOGAN'S attention was wandering. Hardly listening to the skipper of the Aircraft Carrier *Langdon*, he looked up at the soft blue sky, reveled in the warmth of the Caribbean air on his face and hands. He listened to Captain Lockhart for a moment, to make sure he wasn't missing something important.

"Just remember, gentlemen, that we are not at war. Therefore, we are not justified in flying over territory that does not belong to the United States.

*Captain Hogan Storms the Caribbean Skies to Obey His Orders by Breaking Them!*

To do so would be a violation of a country's neutrality. . . ."

It was the usual speech when the Atlantic Fleet was on maneuvers. Hogan had heard it any number of times. Smiling, he put his hand in his back pocket, patted the old blueprint



there. Somehow, it made him feel younger. As a second lieutenant, years ago, he had supervised the mapping details over the entire Dominican Republic. Before going on maneuvers, he had dug the blueprint out of his trunk and brought it along just for the kick it gave him to remember his youthful achievement.

Abruptly Hogan snapped alert. Captain Lockhart was saying something that had caught his wandering mind.

"The President of Santo Domingo has asked us to make reconnaissance flights over the Dominican Republic. Naturally we have refused. Even if he is right about secret agents operating there, we cannot involve ourselves in the difficulties of another country. But if he is right, this may be our first warning. The republic may be furiously occupied by a hostile power.

"The next logical step would be an air attack on the Panama Canal, from bases in Santo Domingo that may already have been selected and secretly developed. But there is nothing we can do, without violating Dominican neutrality. We can't stop it. So we must stick to our regular maneuvers outside the territorial waters of any independent country or island."

Hogan suddenly realized that Captain Lockhart had been looking at him all through that speech. His eyes seemed to be appealing, pleading with him for something. Was it Hogan's imagination? It couldn't have been. Yet what had been in the commander's mind? Why had he directed his talk entirely at Hogan?

On his way to his ship, Captain Hogan's mind was wrestling with the problem. What did Lockhart think he could do that no one else could do? He could fly, of course, but so could the other boys. He knew—

Hogan started, his eyes narrow with thought.

Captain Lockhart knew he had headed the mapping expedition over Santo Domingo! He realized Hogan

knew the country better than any Dominican could possibly know it. Hogan knew exactly what spots he could pick as air bases if he were a foreign agent whose country intended to use Santo Domingo as a center of operations against the rest of the Western Hemisphere!

"Was that what Lockhart was trying to telegraph me?" Hogan muttered. "And the President of Santo Domingo asked for cooperation!"

Maybe that idea hadn't even occurred to Lockhart. But what would happen to Hogan if he disobeyed orders? He knew what it would mean, and his face was grim as he strode back to his quarters and picked up a map holder.

HOGAN settled into his pit, stiffened against the sudden pressure that jolted him back as he took the swift run, shot over the stern of the *Langdon* and streaked into the air. He climbed sharply to ten thousand feet. He was to make a routine patrol out of sight of the carrier and return. Under no circumstances was he to forget that this was war practise. He must maintain radio silence, no matter what happened to him.

Easily he banked toward the north, in the direction of Santo Domingo. When he looked back, the *Langdon* had vanished behind a pile of haze. Then he let his motor full out and banked left. The Curtiss fighter roared straight toward the chalk cliffs on the eastern shore of Barohona Peninsula.

Ten miles inland, he banked right and aimed for a notch in the Bahoruco. His keen gaze searched the ground below. He remembered almost every inch of the few trails beneath him.

"It's a great joke." Hogan smiled bitterly. "The Marines mapped those trails just in case Uncle Sam might be forced to occupy the island. Naturally the republic got copies of the map. Now wouldn't it be a swell gag if the

maps we made were used against us? Yeah—a swell gag!”

Under him rolled the waste of thorn trees. His head jerked forward abruptly, his eyes peering. That plateau in the foothills of the Bahorucos didn't look right. He had flown over it long ago, and he still remembered it. Like all the rest of this country that God had forgotten, it had been covered sparsely with thorn trees. Now the growth of trees on it was entirely too even, suspiciously greener than the rest of the wilderness of La Rabiza.

Hogan nosed down to examine the phenomenon. Those remarkably even trees masked the ground far better than did the thorn trees of the rest of the wastelands. Why?

“You don't have to be a genius to know why,” he grunted. “From that plateau, guns of ordinary range can drop shells into Los Gatos, Trujin, Enriquillo and Paradis!”

Back and forth Hogan sped across the tops of the trees. Trying to see what was under them was useless, but the scheme he had worked out made that unnecessary. With his motor full out, he almost clipped the tops off the trees. Then he zoomed away toward the notch through the Bahorucos.

He glanced down at his leg. Strapped to it was the map holder he had put on just before taking off, and the credit line on the map said:

Under the direction of  
Second Lieutenant J. R. Hogan

Grinning, he marked the spot where the green plateau had been. He wasn't supposed to have that map, but he had made the blueprint to keep high the pride of his youth. Was that really why he had kept it? He shrugged. Perhaps even then he had been fated to make this memory flight. . . .

Beyond Boucan Polo, he shot down through the notch like a silver flash, streaked out on the other side of the Bahorucos. Hedgehopping so low in

the tricky currents, he was taking deadly chances.

He swung across Neiba Desert, flew east of Neiba Village. Constanza was his destination—that cliff-walled amphitheater in the heart of the mountains. The only ways of reaching it at all would be with ropes from the cliffs, or by an airplane stalling into the level, grassy floor. But an army of secret agents could hide in Constanza. With a concealed radio, they could send their plans out in code and not risk being discovered.

**O**VER Constanza, Hogan dived toward the amphitheater. Wild horses broke from cover, ran frantically to escape the frightful roar that had swept down on them. The mystery of those horses in Santo Domingo had never been explained.

The corners of Hogan's lips drew down in savage mirth. Echoing back from the walls of the amphitheater, the sound of his motor would be amplified a thousand times. If there were human beings in the valley, they would think their secret had been discovered, that they were being attacked by a fleet of planes.

His grim smile widened to a fierce grin. Only one man leaped from a covert of trees to stare up at him. But someone else reached out and yanked the man back. And the face that had stared up at him and the hand that had reached out were white! White men where there should be none!

“If there are two,” Hogan muttered, “there must be more. A good show ought to drive them out and make them let me see something else.”

For fifteen minutes he went wild in Constanza. His left wing was down as he circled the valley at top speed, his underside almost touching the black basalt of the ageless cliffs. Piling up the echoes, filling the valley with an ear-shattering roar, he watched the maddened horses.

They broke in all directions, smashed into trees and brush to ca-



cape. There was no escape, but they could crash through the brush. And when they did, they gave Hogan glimpses of human figures.

Somehow enemies had slipped into Constanza, just as they had filtered into La Rabiza. When they were ready to move, the Four Horsemen would plunge through Santo Domingo, and death and destruction would windrow corpses along the country's trails!

Nobody could do anything about it. Hogan had no right to do even the little he was doing. . . .

Murderously he climbed out of Constanza, leveled off to pass Loma Tina to the north. Again he marked a spot on his map. Long ago, Hogan himself had explored Constanza, found caves all around the floor of the valley. If not for those caves, men on the rim could have wiped out the furtive outfit below. But the protection of the caves made that impossible without his information.

North of San José de Ocoa, he shot down toward a ravine. As he sped along, his wings seemed almost to touch the sides. His undercarriage threatened the crags and trees. But he held the wheel firmly and studied the ground below with eyes that had been sharpened by fearful discoveries.

When he rose to ten thousand feet before coming in sight of Piedra Blanca, he had seen not a single white man, native or burro on the long trail. But he was ready to swear that at least one stripped tree was wired for radio. He indicated it on his map.

"I can save a little gasoline," he mused grimly. "I've been right on every guess, so I don't have to go any farther."

He climbed back to invisibility in the blue sky over Santo Domingo, headed southward toward the flight deck of the *Langdon*. As he flew, he marked circles on the map in the holder strapped to his leg.

"The whole republic is practically mined!" he grated. "But how the hell can I pass on my information? I can't

just drop notes on the capital. All I can do is go back to the *Langdon*!"

He made a small correction in his flight, then looked down at the map again. Grinning with real humor, he connected the circles with a line that showed the route he had flown. All along the line he wrote:

No native population below

**T**HE *Langdon* came out of the haze. Hogan lowered and began to circle for his run in to a landing. His heart hammered, though not for his safety. With the certainty of long practise, he landed on the flight deck. The moment he unfastened his helmet, an orderly saluted.

"Captain Lockhart's compliments, sir, and he wishes to see Captain Hogan in his cabin at once, sir."

Hogan nodded, and went below. When he entered Lockhart's cabin, saluted and stood stiffly at attention, the commander's face was red with wrath. But the expression in Lockhart's eyes did not seem to match his anger.

"Hogan, did you fly over Santo Domingo today?" he demanded.

There was no change in Hogan's expression, and he did not reply.

"I have a report here, radioed from Trujillo City," Lockhart said more harshly. "It says that one of our planes was seen in the following places."

Hogan stiffened, listened keenly. When Lockhart named the places, he didn't miss a single one!

Without a word Hogan put the map on the desk, pointed at the circles and the line. Lockhart bent over, read the information he was pointing out:

No native population below

The commander looked up. His face was still angry, but his eyes seemed to smile excitedly at Hogan.

"I'll attend to your case later," he snapped. "Go to your quarters till I send for you again."

Three hours later, Hogan was stand-

ing at attention before Captain Lockhart again.

"Let's see if I have correctly interpreted everything you so loquaciously didn't say," the commander stated. "I radioed the president of the republic that nobody who had a right to complain could have seen one of our planes—er—if there had been any. I hinted that certain spots in Santo Domingo, which oddly enough coincide with circles drawn on this old map you left here, should be surrounded by native troops at once. After that, nature should take its course."

He looked questioningly at Hogan. When there was no reply, he shrugged, and continued.

"You might be interested to know his answer. After all, we like to hear what's happening in other countries. Well, he's acting on my purely instinctive hint. Turn in till morning, Hogan, when I'll have you back here for final action."

**E**ARLY the next morning, Hogan again faced Lockhart. There was no change in the squadron leader's expression.

"It's pretty sad, Hogan," Lockhart said. "The President of Santo Domingo reports some amazing incidents in the places I happened to think might need inspection. A lot of people seem to have been killed. But the president tells us not to feel sorry for them. You see, they were killed by the same right that a man may kill a burglar who breaks into his house. They were not natives. They had no passports, and they weren't Americans. Why, they didn't even speak English! Apparently some of them aroused the contempt of the Dominican soldiers by begging for mercy."

Hogan waited, still saying nothing.

"The president seems to have a sense of humor," Lockhart went on.

"Since no plane of ours would have violated his country's neutrality, he says he withdraws his protest and the request for an investigation. By the way, Hogan, what did the natives call you when you were stationed in Santo Domingo?"

Hogan reddened. "*El Gordito*—the little fat one. That's slander, sir. I never was fat, and I certainly wasn't smaller than I am now."

"That's an odd coincidence," said Lockhart. "The president ends his message by giving the best wishes of his country to *El Gordito*! What could he mean?"

"He was a lieutenant of constabulary when I was a shavetail down here," Hogan replied quietly. "Is that all, sir?"

"Yes. Report to your quarters—"

Hogan waited in dread for the two words that seemed inevitable—"under arrest." But they did not come. Instead, Lockhart glared at him and snapped:

"I asked you if you flew over Dominican territory yesterday, Hogan."

"And I definitely failed to answer, sir," Hogan stated.

"Yes," the commander admitted. "I definitely remember that you definitely did not answer. I definitely do not ask you again because I definitely don't want you to lie, especially since the truth might get you court-martialed! Well, what do you suggest we do next?"

Hogan swallowed the lump that had suddenly tightened his throat.

"I—I suggest that I prepare for regular patrols, sir," he faltered.

"Really?" Lockhart asked in surprise. "That's just what I was about to suggest. Well, that's all, Hogan. Dismissed!"

Not until Hogan had turned his back did Lockhart grin. After all, discipline must be maintained.

*Coming Next Issue: SCRAMBLED WINGS, A Rip-Roaring  
Air Race Story by ROBERT SIDNEY BOWEN*

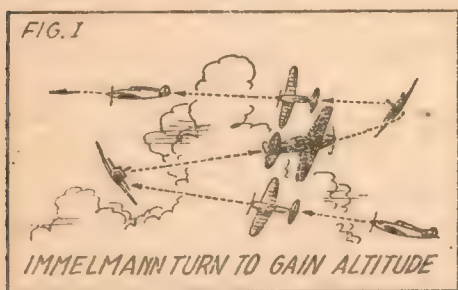


# The LEA FLYING COURSE

## THE IMMELMANN TURN

**N**OW with the proposed fifty thousand airplanes for our fighting forces, with the colleges and even high schools teaching aviation, we must realize that it is no longer a dream to believe that people will be flying in numbers that would have been unbelievable only a few years ago. And whether we are fighters or flying in more peaceful duties, it is still certain that a man can't know too much about the machine that he is flying. So, let us keep on

FIG. I



IMMELMANN TURN TO GAIN ALTITUDE

repeating, you have to know how to do all the stunts so that you can come out of them if you catch yourself doing them accidentally. Never forget that.

So, today, the aerobatic stunts we're going to learn start with the one that used to be so famed in stories that it took on a kind of personality of its own, and people forgot that it was simply a practical way to get from one point to another in the quickest possible time.

### Purpose of the Immelmann

So, we introduce the well-known Immelmann turn, that quick stunt which allows you to go straight up, so to speak, like a helicopter. It doesn't go up in the same manner, but its purpose is to put you in a spot directly above where you are now, while not changing your direction of flight.

To put it in terms you are to work out, the object of the turn is quickly to effect a complete turn with a gain of height. Or, to put it another way, you take one complete turn climbing a corkscrew. One of the practical uses of this antic is that if you are closely pursued by an enemy who is of a mind to spray your tail with machine-gun bullets, you can execute an Immel-

mann and find yourself above and behind him, in a position to return the compliment to him. Thus the pursued becomes the pursuer, and the pursuer the pursued.

Here's the way we do it: The pilot starts with a sharp climbing turn, which has the effect of increasing your altitude and completing the first part of the complete turn. In executing it to the left, say, you will of course make this start by using left, rear stick and left rudder. If you feel that you need increased speed to execute it, you may start by a short dive first.

### When at the Top

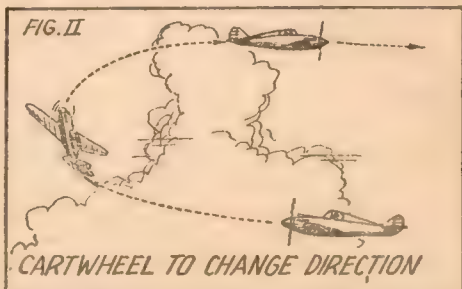
As you reach the top of the turn, or a little before that point, you do the following things, all at once.

1. Use bottom rudder to pull the nose of the ship down to the horizon. If you don't do this you will naturally go into a stall due to inadequate power, and that will generally be followed by a sideslip, and eventually a spin.

2. Then you pull the stick well back. This is because you are on one wing now, and the elevator has in fact become your rudder, and must be used as rudder to complete the turn.

3. Shove the stick sideways toward the high side—which will be the right when

FIG. II



CARTWHEEL TO CHANGE DIRECTION

we are making a left Immelmann—in order to keep from over-banking the ship.

### Beware of Over-Banking

You have to watch this because there is a distinct tendency to over-bank, which is caused by the operation of bottom rudder in bringing the nose down. While this is taking place the upper wing or wings are traveling faster than those on the low side,

and consequently giving more lift in relation to the earth. They would, if not checked, continue on over until you were upside down.

At this point, if you have followed it, you will see that after having gained altitude in the first part of the movement, you have now thrown yourself into a sharp vertical bank. In fact, if you have let the high wing go over too far, as mentioned above, you will perhaps be even past the vertical point and will be slightly upside down.

This upside down stuff should be kept out because when it occurs you lose height. You will probably remember this from the lessons in banking.

Now, since you are circling in a sharp bank, at an altitude higher than that in which you started your maneuver, it only follows that you pull yourself out of the bank by neutralizing your controls, or if necessary, giving them a touch of opposite stick, and leveling off along your previous line of flight—or rather, above it but in the same direction.

If for any reason you wished to change your line of flight at the same moment you wanted the new increased altitude, you of course only have to adjust the time you came out of the vertical bank, making it later if you wanted to go to the left, or earlier if to the right.

#### *Resembles Other Maneuvers*

If you study this stunt, you will see that there are parts of it that partake of the nature of two other movements. For instance, if you took off from a field, gained a little safe altitude, and then made a leisurely climbing turn and circled the field, you would just be doing a widened pattern of an Immelmann.

If, on the other hand, you had a motor powerful enough, in a ship light enough, such as a single-seater fighter with a thousand or so h.p. at your disposal, you could do a still tighter version of it. By repeating your encircling movements, or more accurately, by staying in the climbing turn for several revolutions without leveling off, you would be doing a chandelle.

This movement is only for the lightest and most powerful ships, those which can practically stand on their tails in the air, so to speak. But it has its place when and where it can be executed. It is a beautiful sight to see as a stunt, and for getting upstairs in a hurry, right over the spot where you take off, it is useful.

#### *Corkscrewing Spirals*

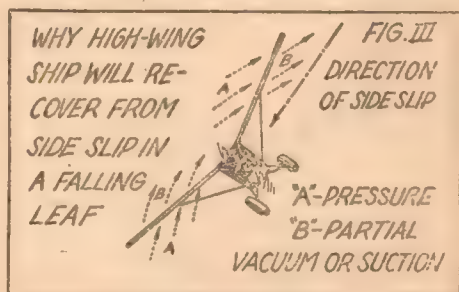
To give you a picture of it, suppose you visualize a giant corkscrew or spiral staircase running upward from the field. A light, but unusually powerful ship takes off, instantly goes into a climbing turn, and goes right straight up in spirals around that corkscrew, never leveling off but climbing in one continuous spiral.

You can see what the maneuver is, one continuous, spiral climb, or climbing turn, and without the benefit of momentum, or

relief from the constant lift. You can see how great must be the ration of horsepower to weight in a ship for this to be possible. You won't be trying it in one of your own ships, likely, but it is good to know about. You will see stunt flyers taking off with it if they have the ships to do it, but few private flyers will have enough excess power. It's a fighting ship's trick.

#### *The Cartwheel Turn*

Another turn you might have occasion to use is the Cartwheel. In this maneuver, your purpose is to find yourself at a higher altitude than before, as in the Immelmann, but headed in the direction from which you



came. Of course, variations are that once you have achieved the higher altitude, you may dive, continue back above your original line of flight, or get more complicated still by cutting another cartwheel in the opposite direction.

This would have the effect of a kind of climbing figure eight, if you should ever wish to do that. It has no practical utility in the general run of events, but you never can tell when you will want to do it.

An analysis of the cartwheel, then, will show that the first part is like an Immelmann. You start with a climbing turn, preceded by a dive if you need the excess momentum.

As you reach the top of the climbing turn, shove the stick to the high side and hold it there, at the same time depressing the nose to the horizon with the rudder. Holding the ship in this position until it has completed the circle, level off in the usual way, and you will be headed back in the way you came from, with your altitude increased by the amount of height you were able to gain in your climbing turn.

You can see now that if instead of leveling off, you shoved the controls over and did the maneuver again on the opposite wing, you would have completed the climbing figure eight.

#### *The Falling Leaf*

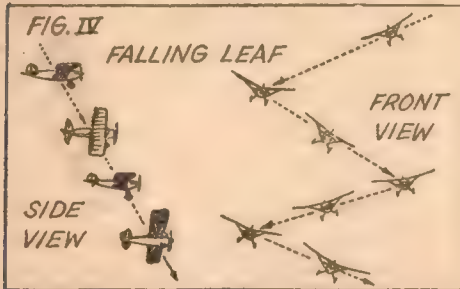
The Falling Leaf is another spectacular stunt whose main usefulness is that of accustoming you to handling your ship in every possible position in the air. And it cannot be overemphasized that you must master your craft so well that no matter what your position you know instantly,



even reflexly, how to get out of it. Only then would you safely have full confidence in yourself in the air.

Here we fall. First, throttle down the engine, holding the ship on an even keel until it has lost some speed. Then bank sideways until you begin a steep sideslip.

Now, if you have a high-wing monoplane, or any ship with a dihedral angle built in, or one with the greater keel surface above the longitudinal axis, the ship will of its own accord recover from the slip.



The aerodynamic reason for this natural recovery is that the low wing will secure an upward pressure from the air, while the high wing will feel an opposite pressure.

So, as the machine tends to right itself, that is, the low wing rises and the high wing descends until they are level, you will find that the low wing will continue to rise after the ship has found an even keel. This with the aid of the stick will continue until you have gone off into a sideslip on the opposite side. And then, of course, the same pressure, but now on opposite sides, becomes effective, and the ship tends to right itself again.

### Sooner or Later You Stall

However, the ship has been losing momentum all the time, what with the motor throttled down, and so sooner or later a stall occurs. This will happen when the forward motion is no longer sufficient to create enough lift.

When this occurs, it follows, of course, that the nose of the ship will drop, and this in turn results in a dive, which in its turn increases your speed until you again have lift.

When that happens, you are just where you were in the beginning, and if you choose, you can go back into the Falling Leaf, or you can go on your way.

### Use Different Controls

You can get up an argument as to whether a Falling Leaf can be done with a low-wing monoplane. Whatever the answer, you get the same effect, but you must use different controls. This is because a ship with a high longitudinal axis will not tend to right itself laterally. That is, if you want to raise the low-wing you have to do it with the ailerons instead of depending on the ship doing it for you.

In that event, your Falling Leaf would be a slight glide, a sideslip to one side, a righting of the ship with the stick, then a slip to the other side effected with the stick, and so on.

The result is the same, in the first case the ship does the work, in the second, you do it.

You can argue about whether they are both the same maneuver on those long nights while you're waiting to be called out on Dawn Patrol. Happy landings!

—BRUCE McALESTER.

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# That Kind of a Pilot

By  
ROBERT SIDNEY  
BOWEN

Author of "Eagles Can't Quit," "Wings of Fury," etc.

*A Killer of the Skyways  
Finds Out That Flight by  
Parachute Doesn't Always  
Insure Happy Landings!*

**B**EN POLLARD shrugged and tossed his dead cigar out the window.

"Talking's one thing, Jeff," he said to the pinched-faced cripple seated across the desk from him in the office of the general manager of Alaskan Surveys, Incorporated, "but proving what you say is six other kinds of a colored horse. Now, wait! I don't say I disagree with you, but I don't say I agree, either."

"You give me pains, Ben!" the cripple snarled. "This isn't a courtroom. It's just between you and me. You know as well as I do that Jackson killed Harry Raft. Harry was a pilot way back, when! No one can tell me that he got so scared of the plane



Despite the gun, Jackson lunged forward



catching fire that he went haywire and fouled his 'chute as he bailed out. And just remember that there was bad feeling between Jackson and Harry. Jackson was slipping. Hitting the liquor and chasing every skirt he saw up in this damn country. You had warned him repeatedly, and we all knew that Harry was going to be made first pilot in this outfit."

General Manager Pollard sighed heavily and ran a thumb-nail along the three-days' growth on his broad jaw.

"Jeff, it's no use what any of us *think*," he said. "All we have is Jackson's story of what happened. The plane caught fire north of Tikchik Lake while Jackson was at the controls. Jackson says he ordered Harry Raft to get into his 'chute harness and jump. And he says that Harry went haywire and pulled the rip-cord ring too soon. Jackson says Harry was falling like a rock when he had to bail out, himself. We found Harry's mashed body three days later, with his parachute pack torn to ribbons, and—"

"Right!" the cripple cut in harshly. "Perfect for Jackson. No one could tell whether or not Harry had tried to open his 'chute, nor if he had been clouted on the head and tossed out unconscious!"

"Steady, Jeff!" Pollard said sternly. "You can't make charges on a hunch. I thought just as much of Harry as you did, and if there were any way of finding out exactly what happened, I'd be the first to move heaven and hell to do it. But, there's not. And to ground Jackson on suspicion wouldn't help a bit. He is a damn good survey man, and there's a hell of a lot to be done on his job before cold weather stops us.

"Also, to make charges against Jackson and then not prove them would probably result in a sweet libel suit on the company's hands. No, Jeff, it may be hell to you and me, because we loved Harry Raft, but all we can do is let things ride."

The cripple glared down at the wooden leg he now had in place of the real one he had lost in a crash several years ago.

"Wish to God I still had my license!" he muttered. "I'd fly with Jackson, and—and somehow I'd get the truth out of him, so help me! I'd . . . Oh, hell! What do you think of this kid, Parsons, who's come to take Harry's place?"

"Nothing except that he can fly and do survey work," Pollard said. "Seems like a nice quiet kid. Sticks to himself pretty much, and spends a lot of time going over the ship and engine. That's a good sign. A pilot who is also a mechanic is worth his weight in gold in this kind of work."

"Had a sky-writing job before coming up here, didn't he?" Jeff murmured.

"Yeah." Pollard nodded. "But he said this paid better money and . . . Well, not every pilot gets the chance to spread his wings in this part of the country. But stop taking me away from my job, you old buzzard. It's time for me to check out Jackson and Parsons on that Number Three Area job. They must be ready and waiting for me, now."

— Shoving up out of his chair, Pollard took his two hundred and some odd pounds outside to the revving Fairchild cabin plane on the tarmac in front of the single hangar. On the way he cast an eye at the windsock on the pole. It was sticking out stiff as a board in the teeth of a chilly wind racing down from the Pole.

— If the wind held in that direction all would be okay. But if it shifted to the west, fog would roll in from the Bering Sea regions in nothing flat and the birds would be walking over the Tikchik Mountains.

He went over to the two men in flying garb by the open cabin door. Jackson was tall, dark-haired, and had the kind of a face that seemed more suited to Hollywood Boulevard than the Polar-wind-swept stretches of south-

western Alaska. He was smoking a cigarette and the way he held it between his lips gave them a kind of sneer. That, in turn, gave one the desire to punch him in the nose for no reason at all.

Parsons had a kid's face, but the build of a swivel-hipped All-American halfback. His eyes were steady as he watched Pollard approach. For the hundredth time since Parsons' arrival eight days ago, the general manager was struck by a strange light that seemed to glow in the depths of the young pilot's eyes. He nodded to the youngster and turned to Jackson, his eyes grim.

"Okay," he said. "But keep your eye on the weather. If the wind changes the fog will come in fast. Parsons, here, can work the controls this trip. You stick at the camera because you know best what shots I want of Area Three. Don't stay out more than three hours."

Jackson took the cigarette from his lips and snapped it away with an insolent gesture.

"Don't worry, Pollard," he said, and turned to climb into the ship. "I've already made one or two flights in this neck of the woods, you know."

Pollard's lips drew together to form an angry line and the veins in his temples throbbed. He held himself in check, however. It would give him the greatest pleasure to kick Jackson clear out of Alaska, but dislike for the man was not sufficient cause. There was the little matter of a signed contract which could not be broken by either party unless there was real cause. Cause that could stand up in court.

Pollard turned to Parsons and grinned.

"This is your first real trip, youngster," he said. "I'm sure you'll make good. Lots of luck."

**F**ATHOMLESS eyes held Pollard's for a moment, then Parsons gave a short nod.

"Thanks, Mr. Pollard," he said. "I'll make good, or—or bust!"

The viciousness in the last remark startled Pollard slightly, but before he could say anything the youngster was in his seat and slamming the door shut. A moment later the Wright in the nose roared out its song of power and the cabin plane left the tarmac in a cloud of dust and small stones. At just the right moment Parsons pulled it clear, climbed swiftly up to eight thousand feet, then set a compass course for the Tikchik Lake region.

Slumped down lazily on the stool by the floor camera, Jackson watched the new pilot for several moments, then chuckled softly.

"What's the rush, kid?" he called. "We got lots of gas. Or are the old nerves giving you hell?"

Parsons turned from the controls long enough to shoot Jackson a hard look.

"What nerves?" he echoed. "Stick to your job, Jackson, and I'll stick to mine."

The senior pilot's face flushed with anger. He leaned forward and pointed a finger at Parsons.

"A tip, kid," he grated. "Just watch that lip. I don't like it. I'm head man for the pilots of this outfit. Just remember that."

There followed a couple of moments silence, then Parsons turned from the controls again.

"I heard that a fellow named Raft was going to be head man—only he died," he murmured.

Jackson came up off his stool with the speed of a striking cobra. He reached out one hand, took hold of Parsons' shoulder, and dug his fingers in deep.

"So Jeff Frasier's been shooting off his yap to you, too, eh?" he blazed. "Well, listen, kid! Don't get thinking things or you'll wind up in one hell of a mess of trouble. Raft was just no good—and yellow. Much too old, too, for this kind of job. If Pollard had taken my advice and put him on a pen-



sion or something, Raft would be alive right now. It was his own damn fault. Get it?"

"Okay," Parsons said meekly. "I was only wondering, and—"

"Well, stop wondering, right now!" Jackson snarled, and pulled a half-pint of whiskey from his pocket.

He took a short pull, corked the bottle and stuck it back in his pocket. Parsons gave him a long stare, then turned his attention once more to the horizon ahead. Jackson's angry flush deepened.

"And it won't help you, either, to go running to Pollard with tales," he said. "Pollard's the big boss, but he's not the head of Alaskan Surveys. T. J. Beck is, and I'm a good friend of Beck's. Get that, too?"

The young pilot only nodded. He held his attention on his flying, but even so he glanced often in the rear view mirror. Each time he saw Jackson taking another short pull, but the stuff didn't seem to have any more effect on the senior pilot than ice water.

Nor was there anything to notice half an hour later when Area Three was reached and Jackson got to work with his camera. With one eye clamped to the telescopic sight, he hunched over the camera like a figure of stone. Every movement was careful and deliberate and he gave Parsons direction or altitude orders in a firm, businesslike voice.

**H**ALF of the job had been completed when Parsons took a flint-eyed look into the rear view mirror, then turned slowly in the seat. He studied Jackson hunched over the camera for a moment, then in movements almost too fast for the eye to follow he reached back, unhooked something from the cabin wall and hurled it out through the opened window to his left.

A sudden swaying motion of the plane made Jackson jerk his head up.

"Say what—" he began and stopped.

His eyes popped out of his head and

his handsome face paled to paper color. "That was my parachute pack!" he screamed wildly.

Gray eyes bored deep into his face.

"Right, Jackson!" Parsons said grimly. "I'm just not taking chances. If something happens you're going to stick around and help."

"What do you mean?"

"What I said," Parsons countered. "I don't like all that liquor you've got in you, Jackson. Maybe you were drunk that other time. Well, I'm just making sure you don't go haywire on me, that's all."

Jackson's face was blazing. He half rose from his stool.

"You little punk, what the hell are you talking about?" he grated savagely. "I'll break your damn neck!"

Perhaps the pilot would have tried to do just that, if he had been given the chance. He wasn't. A small, snub-nosed automatic suddenly appeared in Parsons' hand and the barrel pointed straight and steady at Jackson's belly.

"Back up, Jackson, and sit down! Your lousy liquor and fear that you were going to lose your job killed one pilot, but you're not doing the same to me. Just how did you kill Raft, anyway? Knocked him cold when he tried to get you to stick with the ship? Then tossed his body out and bailed out yourself to make it look like he'd jumped first? Was that the way it was?"

"Damn you!" screamed Jackson. "You nor anybody else is going to pin anything on me! Put down that gun, and head back, or . . . Good God, look! Fire! We're on fire!"

Dirty black smoke had suddenly started to pour out from under the Wright engine's cowlings. Jackson's fear-glazed eyes seemed to sink back into his head as he pointed a trembling finger forward. Spittle began to drool down from one corner of his mouth and his knee-joints turned to jelly. He had to grab hold of the camera rack in order to remain on his feet.

"You threw my 'chute away—you threw it away!" he repeated, chant-like. "You . . . Give me that 'chute. We're on fire, damn you! Give me that 'chute! I—"

Despite the gun, Jackson lunged forward, hands outstretched. For his pains he got the gun barrel between his eyes. The blow knocked him over backward. Parsons snapped out his free hand and pulled back the throttle. The plane was now sliding down through a world of dirty black smoke.

"I'll take a chance with the ship, Jackson," Parsons said, and tossed his own 'chute pack to within a few feet of the prostrate man. "But we make a deal. Write the truth on that pad there. Write just how you killed Raft. Then you can jump and take your chances. But when they find me, they'll find the truth in writing. I'll fix it so it won't burn up. Take your choice, Jackson! Write the truth, and bail out. But reach for that 'chute first—and I'll plug you, so help me God!"

**J**ACKSON was unable to pry his lips apart for a second. The swirling smoke seemed to hold him in a grip of steel. "But why—why—" he suddenly choked out.

"Can't you guess?" the youth at the controls grated. "The name's not Parsons. It's Raft. Yeah, Harry was my older brother. So why don't I just let you have it? Well, I don't kill rats, Jackson. But I want the world to

know the truth. If you can get away in this God-awful country, okay. But snap it up. I can't hold these flames off forever. Got to dive and try to blow 'em out. My only hope. Write, damn you, Jackson, *write!*"

The senior pilot stared at the 'chute pack almost within reach. Then he stared at the gun in the young pilot's steady hand. And last he stared at the smoke swirling past the cabin windows.

"All right, all right!" he sobbed and grabbed up the pad and pencil. "I—I killed him. I hated him anyway. We caught on fire, and we had a battle to see who'd jump first. I guess we were both a little mad. I—I hit him with the camera crank. His head struck the metal edge of the seat. I didn't know what to do. I—"

"So you heaved him out!" the pilot grated. "Most of what you say is a lie, but it'll do. Put it on paper, Jackson, and hand it over!"

Jackson scribbled hastily on the pad, signed his name, and then tore off the sheet.

"Here you are," he said and held it out. "It wasn't my fault, but—"

Jackson did not finish. His narrowed eyes suddenly blazed and he made a wild lunge for Parsons' outstretched hand. At the same time he tried to swing his fist against the young man's gun wrist to knock the gun to one side.

He missed completely, because the

(Continued on page 112)



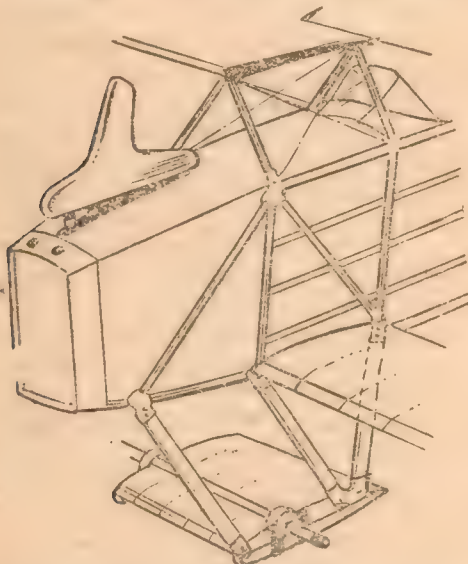


# Model Fighting Ships

*A Department of Accurate Plans for Model Builders*

## HOW TO BUILD THE BREGUET 14B.2

**B**UILDING the war time French Breguet 14 B.2 from the following plans and data can be done in considerable detail. For the finished craftsman a wealth of detail will be immediately discovered, especially



in those out-of-the-way places where detail in plans is usually neglected.

For you who don't care to spend too much time or who are inexperienced, the simple outline of the plane is definitely shown. Just stick to this and forget the small details.

### MATERIALS

Balsa of fairly hard texture will make a slick job of this plane. Soft pine is okay for you fans who want your edges knife-edged and husky enough not to dent easily. Pine is pretty difficult to handle if you haven't had plenty of balsa experience. You can handle a balsa job with a knife, a razor blade and a few pieces of sandpaper. The pine takes a few additional tools.

### FUSELAGE

The fuselage is of squarish design and three cross sections are given in the draw-

ings. The sides being flat will be easy. The slightly rounded belly and top are clearly shown. The simplest way to make the cockpits is to dig out both at once even to the small part separating them.

Then after you have the stick, rudder bar, etc., in place, shape a small piece of wood to fit back on the top of the fuselage. The louvres on the sides of the forward part at the engine may be made of small pieces glued on, or they may be indicated as suggested later for the indicating of ailerons.

Use your ingenuity in constructing the gun ring and mounting over the rear pit. The observer's windows on the side of the fuselage may be cut out and covered with cellophane.

### WINGS

The ailerons are on the top wings only and can either be cut out of the wing and fixed back on with thin tin hinges so that a definite separation is made, thus simulating more closely the real thing, or they may be marked into the wood with a nail or other semi sharp instrument to give a good effect. Only the top wing has dihedral. The bottom wing is straight. The parts of the lower wings that look like ailerons are merely equalizer flaps. Make these the same way you do the ailerons. As the bottom wing has no dihedral, it runs parallel with the ground from tip to tip. It may be made in one piece, thus saving the trouble of anchoring the two sections of wings to the fuselage.

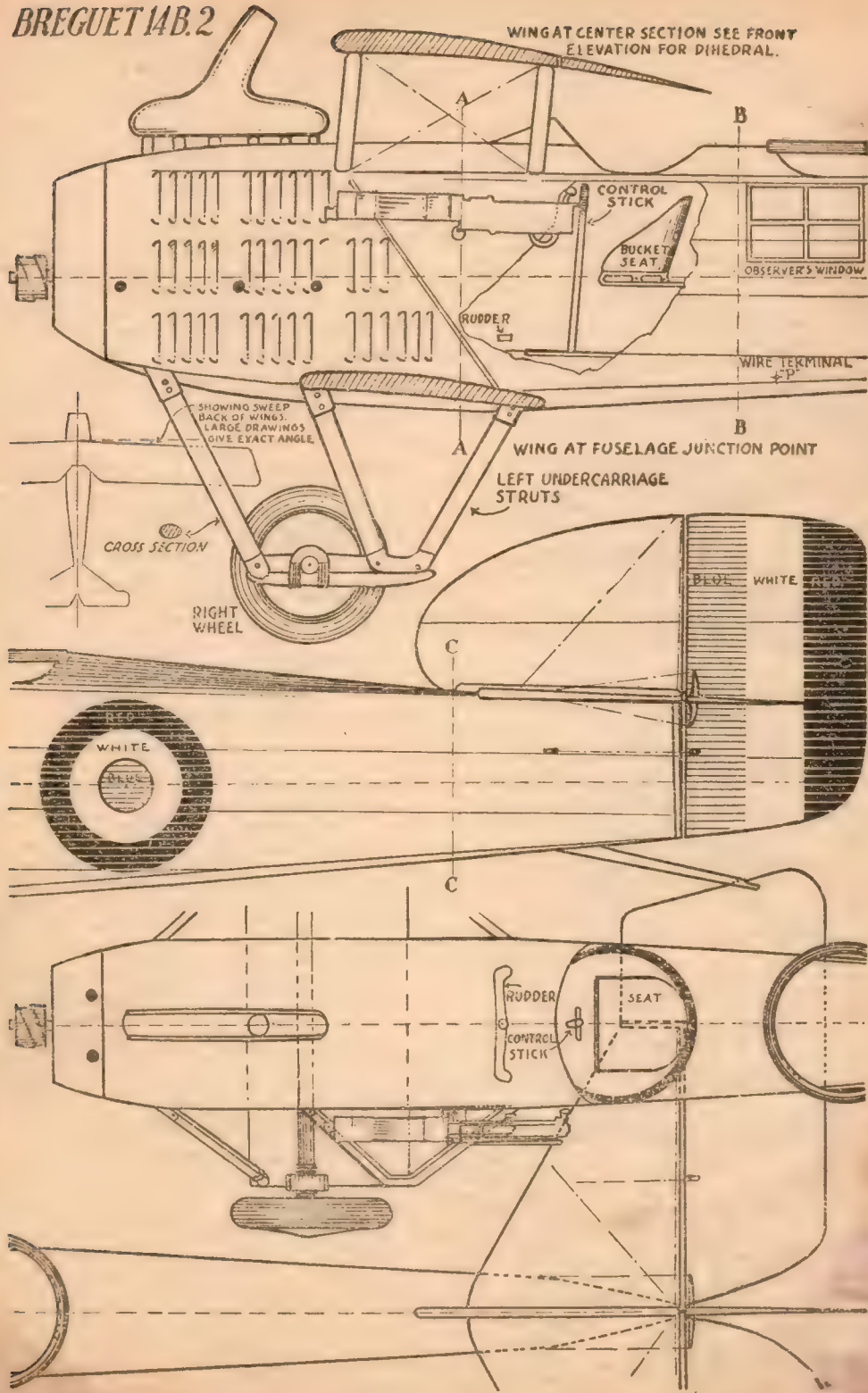
To construct this one-piece lower wing take a very thin knife or fret-saw and cut out a section of the fuselage at the bottom just wide and deep enough to accommodate the wing. The piece or pieces cut out may

### SPECIFICATIONS

#### *Breguet 14 B.2 Day Bomber*

Span .....	43 ft. 6 1/4 in.
Span of tail .....	13 ft. 10 1/2 in.
Length over-all .....	26 ft. 7 3/4 in.
Height (max. at wing-tips) ..	10 ft. 8 in.
At center section .....	9 ft. 8 in.
Engine .....	300 h.p. Renault
Tread to center of tires .....	6 ft. 2 1/4 in.
Width (top wing) .....	5 ft. 11 1/2 in.
Width (bottom wing) .....	5 ft. 9 inches
Gap at wing tips .....	5 ft. 8 3/4 in.

BREGUET 14B.2

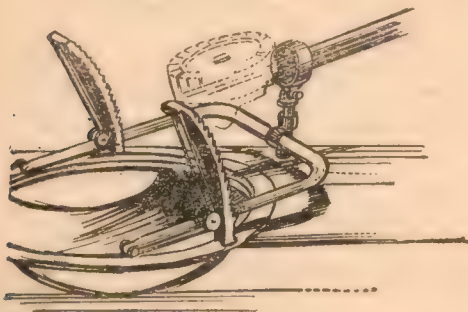




now be whittled and sanded on the rough side until the original outer surface fits flush and lines up with the original sweep of the belly of the fuselage. A little plastic wood or filet will smooth out the rough places.

A good way to make the ribs look like the real thing in a solid model is to first draw them on carefully in pencil, then shape a piece of wood about two inches long that has a slight outward curve.

Wrap sandpaper around this curve and



sand lightly in the area between the pencil lines indicating the ribs. This will sand out a series of gentle hollows with the ribs remaining as ridges between them. If the ribs have a tendency to become irregular, hold a straight piece of wood against the wing to act as a guide as the sanding block is rubbed forward and back. Practice on a scrap of waste wood first to get the knack of the trick.

This stunt is a pretty delicate job and is not really necessary in order to make a slick looking model. It merely gives that super detail finish that makes the customers "Oh" and "Ah" to your heart's content. The secondary ribs "Y" and "Z" continue the whole length of the wings (only two of each are shown to prevent confusion) but it is suggested that these be left out as they barely show on real ships.

## THE STRUTS

The struts can be shaped out of pine or made from those little sticks of hard wood your doctor uses to twist cotton swabs onto. He'll give up some for nothing if approached right. Any wood that is fairly hard will do. The real Breguet plane had shaped aluminum struts, therefore they didn't have to be as thick as the conventional wooden war time struts. So when you make your struts keep them fairly slim.

Make all your struts at one time and match them up for perfect length and thickness. This will assure you of lining up the wings with a minimum of effort. See terminal points for struts on plans for wings.

## UNDERCARRIAGE

The undercarriage struts were made of shaped aluminum tubes anchored into

shaped terminals at the fuselage. These struts, you will notice, are huskier than the interplane struts. Use same type wood for these as you do for interplane struts. A series of rubber lacing held the axle to the undercarriage. It is shown in two separate drawings.

Above the undercarriage is shown the tubular bracing in the forward part of the fuselage for you detail experts who may want to make a built up model instead of a solid scale model. The longerons in back part of the fuselage and the ribs in wings and tail are also included for your benefit. The shock-absorbing mechanism has been slightly simplified in our drawings to give you the outside silhouette effect rather than to go into too much detail which would only be confusing.

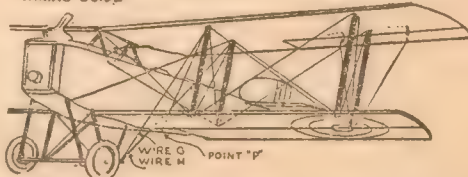
## WIRING

This piano wire is recommended for all wiring. Measure the length between the two terminals with a pair of dividers or compasses, then cut the wire one-eighth to three-sixteenths inches longer. This allows the ends to be inserted in holes sunk with a pin in the wood into which the wire is to be anchored. If the wires have a tendency to bow or bend after being anchored, make the holes deeper. A light coat of clear lacquer over the completed wiring will make it resist rusting indefinitely.

## MACHINE-GUNS

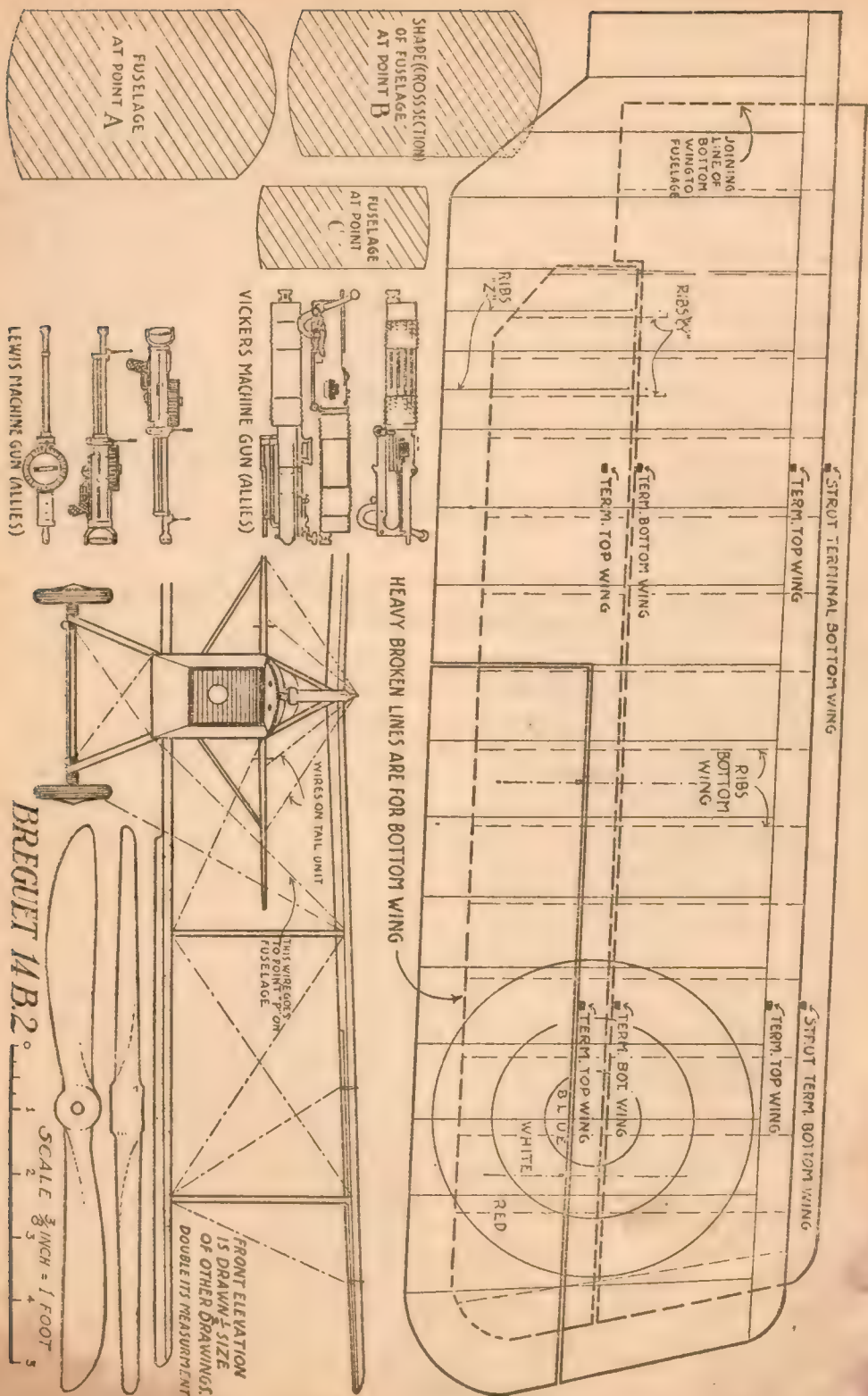
Machine-guns out of proportion with the model have caused more headaches than any other mistake to model builders of World War planes. Therefore the accurate scale drawings of the Vickers and Lewis guns included in the accompanying drawings will once and for all solve your problem. Save these machine-gun drawings carefully. The German guns will appear in a subsequent article along with plans of a German war-time plane. It is suggested that you make outline tracings of the guns for your actual transferring the drawing to the wood. In that way you won't spoil your

WIRING GUIDE



data. Armament of the Breguet 14 B.2 specified by the manufacturer is one fixed Vickers on the left side of the fuselage, two Lewis guns mounted on a Scarff mounting on rear pit.

Plenty of gunners only use one gun on the rear pit, so, for simplicity's sake, only one is indicated. If you want two, mount 'em on the Scarff ring so that the drums just clear each other and connect the barrels at the point just behind the front  
(Concluded on page 113)







LT DANE KERN



Kern kicked the German in the face, shot at the others

# KILLER ACE

By  
DAVID GOODIS

*Dane Kern Scours the Bullet-Torn  
Heavens to Match Machine-Gun  
Slugs with a Cowardly German  
That Can't Fight on the Level!*

THE German plane came hurtling out of the sky like a pain-crazed eagle. Trigger fingers jabbed death-filled lead through the air four thousand feet up. Von Krim's mouth twisted in a devilish grin. He looked like Satan himself as he dove for the Englishman's tail, traced a pattern of dots up the fuselage, and then shrieked in eerie delight as that death-line reached the cockpit. The English pilot slumped down in his seat, his brain riddled by bullets.

But a moment later von Krim's grin faded. There was a determined note

in the whining, buzzing Spitfire behind him. He twisted uneasily in his cockpit, turned his head—and saw crimson flames spurt from the guns in the ship fifty yards away. He felt the slugs whistle by his cheek. He ducked low, and dove.

The Englishman dove also. Von Krim banked. The Englishman did likewise. Then the Hun went into another dive, twisted sharply and rolled out, zooming up and above the Englishman. Then he came down on him almost vertically, his guns barking.

Von Krim's screech blended with the sound of his guns, as he saw the second English boy go down—dying a death of horror in a flame-filled plane.

Then the German waved his arm, and signaled the three remaining Boche to head for home. But the two Englishmen—the only two remaining out of the original seven who had started out that morning—had other ideas about the matter.

They were fighting like madmen. The tears in their eyes were not tears of fright or horror. They were tears of sorrow, tears of rage, tears of vengeance. But the English flyers needed more than sobs to combat the ruthless von Krim and his squadron of devils.

The English planes were fast, but they weren't as fast as the Messerschmitts used by von Krim and his flying hellions.

That fact proved itself in the next few moments. One by one, in quick succession, the Boche took their chances on the two English flyers. It was four against two now. Grinning like a madman set for the kill, von Krim zoomed his ship to gain more altitude. Then he aimed his ship as if it was an arrow, and dove like a bullet at the first of the now faltering Spitfires. The outcome of the battle was decided.

For the Nazi now repeated what he had done exactly thirty-three times before. He sent snarling slugs of death into that ship, and then soared

upward. His screech of triumph carried over and above the angry roar of the motor.

But there was one Englishman left—an Englishman only because of the outfit he flew for. Dane Kern was as American as ham and eggs. He had been studying at Oxford when the war broke out—had been there as a student of advanced physics. And because he was scientifically minded, planes fascinated him. He had joined the Royal Air Force not so much because of a love for the British, but because the war would give him a chance to play around with planes. He knew his ships, he knew his flight and attack methods—and most important of all—he had guts. And he was showing that now to the German pilots.

**K**ERN acted the coward on purpose. He wanted them to think he was grounding the plane, giving up the fight. He kept on losing altitude. Then he looked up to see a Boche slowly gaining on him, saw the German signal him to ground. He pictured the Nazi's face wreathed in smug triumph.

"Oh yeah?" he muttered grimly, and zoomed his ship up like a streak, made a complete loop and came down hard and fast on the German's tail. Both his guns barked their message of death. The Boche never knew what happened. He dove a hundred feet to the ground, and when he spilled out of the cockpit he was a corpse.

That was all Kern wanted. That one last German. He knew he wouldn't have a chance with the three others, particularly when von Krim was one of those three. So now he streaked for home, even as the Boche flyers started down after him.

They chased, grim determination in their eyes. Looking back, Kern figured that he was about done. They were gaining on him too fast. But suddenly the ground artillery began hurling shells at the Boche as they passed over the English coastline. Von Krim



had a special dislike for Archies. He signaled his men home. . . .

The commander and the adjutant and the rest of the men were waiting for him on the home tarmac. Dane Kern couldn't see their faces but he knew what expressions those faces held. He was coming back alone. Seven had gone out that morning and only one was coming back.

If this had been the first time, it wouldn't have been so tragic. But this was just a repetition of what was happening to Commander Russell's flyers day after day. It wasn't even a fight anymore. It was a slaughter.

Kern taxied his ship across the field. For the first time he felt the groping weariness that first sets in the eyes then seems to work back to the brain, and finally fills the entire body. That dull, throbbing, ache of exhaustion that only men who live with death constantly can know.

He climbed out of the cockpit and shook his head as the other flyers and mechanics clustered about, eager to help. Russell put an arm around Kern as he wiped grease from around his eyes.

"What happened?" Russell asked wearily. He was a tall, spare figure in his late forties. He was a quiet man, respected because he never flaunted his authority.

"The old story," Kern muttered. "It was von Krim again. He must have a special agreement with every cloud in the sky—that Hun. The clouds are always with him. They were with him today. He took us completely by surprise. He hid in the clouds and dove on us too fast. We didn't have a chance."

"And there's nothing we can do about it," Russell said, dejected.

"Yes, there is," Kern said angrily. He looked square at the commander and said, "Von Krim's the brains of that outfit. They don't make a single move without him. He's about the smartest man in the air today. And the dirtiest fighter—"

"Well?" Russell demanded.

"There's only one way to deal with him," Kern said.

"And that is?"

"Kill him." Kern said it slowly, almost casually.

**R**USSELL frowned.

"Are you kidding me?" he said. "What have we been trying to do these past three months—play cricket with him?"

"You don't understand, sir," Kern said. "I don't mean to kill him in the air. I mean, murder him. Send some one over there and do away with him. That's the only way we'll ever be able to meet those Boche on an equal basis, because—"

"You're crazy, Kern!" Russell snapped. "And besides, I don't believe in fighting that way. We have a certain code, you know."

Kern's eyes flashed angrily.

"Code be damned!" he yelled. "I went up there today with six of the finest boys I ever knew. Where are they now? You tell me! And why? Because that dirty Hun never comes out in the open. Because he has what I call uncanny luck in being ready for us. He hides behind clouds—big clouds—and dives on us before we know what's happened! It's either von Krim or us! That's the set-up. And if we don't get that German, he'll get us!"

Russell's face was emotionless. He barely moved his lips as he said:

"We're not doing things that way, Kern."

Kern's lips tightened. For an instant his eyes narrowed and his fists clenched hard. Then he gained control over himself.

"Well, what are you going to do—stand by and let him erase us out of the air completely?" he asked.

Russell straightened.

"Perhaps you're forgetting, Kern, that I'm your superior officer."

That was too much. Kern was an American, and Americans have a habit

of saying what's on their minds, come what may.

"You're not proving it!" Kern yelled, loud enough for other flyers to hear.

There was a silence that lasted only a moment, but it seemed like an eternity. And in that interval Kern was calling himself all kinds of names for not keeping his mouth shut. He knew what was coming. It came, all right.

"Go to your quarters, Lieutenant!" Russell shouted. "And consider yourself under arrest!"

Kern stiffened. In that moment he hated Russell. But there was nothing else for him to do. He saluted, walked away quickly.

In the quiet confines of his room Kern's thoughts were filled with von Krim, about what happened every time he had engaged the wily German. . . .

We fly in V formation at 8,000 feet over the German positions. We fly over the blood and shambles that marks what is perhaps the bloodiest battle in the history of the world since Hannibal's advance at Carthage.

And suddenly an avalanche of death drops on us in the form of seven Messerschmitts. Their noses are painted in the famous checkerboard design. At the head of the Hun's squadron is von Krim. His mouth spreads in a grin that widens as his ears take in the maddening chorus of Boche machine guns pouring death into Englishmen. . . .

**K**ERN heard the men talking about the last flight in the corridor outside his room. What he heard made him clench his fists and bring them slowly up at a level with his eyes. That scrap lasted only three minutes. And this time none came back! There is nothing so futile as the knowledge that something can be done, and yet someone is keeping you from doing it. Several times in the past day Kern had thought about leaving his room to see Russell again. But he had lost his

nerve. It's these quiet, subdued officers that are the hardest to deal with in the long run, he thought. Kern remembered that phrase, "a barking dog never bites."

It would have been simple, though, to knock on Russell's door, which was next to his, and to apologize, then plead for a chance to deal with von Krim. And yet—

Like lightning the thought struck him. And as if the souls of his dead comrades had caused a thing to happen, a strange coincidence occurred at that very moment—a grim but enlightening coincidence!

For as Kern frowned, and wondered just why Russell should have such a decided objection to his idea, there was a peculiar sound in the next room—Russell's room. Kern barely caught it, it was so faint. Now he remembered having heard it before. He thought it was just another field insect in the grass outside.

He kept his ear to the wall, and listened, straining his sense of hearing. Suddenly, his eyes widened, then narrowed. He looked at his watch. It was only mid-afternoon. For what he wanted to do now he would have to wait until evening. And yet, evening would be too late, because tomorrow morning seven more men would go up. No—he had to do this now!

But as the thought became an icy determination in his mind, Kern heard a key click in the lock of his door. It opened, and an orderly came in.

"Commander Russell wants to see you," the orderly said.

Kern smiled. And as if he were playing a game of chess he looked ahead a few moves. When you take advanced physics at Oxford you learn to use your head for something more than a hat rack. And that's what Kern was doing now.

Russell was polite when he entered. He even smiled.

"I've given your idea some careful thought, Kern," he said. "Discounting the fact that you were guilty of in-



subordination, I've decided to let you have a shot at the plan. In fact, I've thought out an ideal schedule for you to use." And then he proceeded to outline his plan. He drew up a chair for Kern, then spread out a map on the table.

"That's the only way you'll be able to do it," Russell was saying ten minutes later. "You'll start at six o'clock this evening. Carry a green light so our artillery will know. It'll be dark by then and you'll have to be careful."

"Yes, sir," Kern said.

They looked into each other's eyes. And it was Russell who blinked first. . . .

A few flyers and mechanics were standing around as Kern came out on the field. He lit a cigarette and walked past the group without saying a word. Usually early evening was a time for gabbing. The flyers stared at him.

"What's the matter with Kern?" one asked.

"Had a run-in with the commander today," another replied.

"What's he all buttoned up for?"

"Night observation, probably, although I thought he was due for some real trouble. The squadron leader was jolly well angry."

**THEY** weren't supposed to know. Russell's instructions had been specific on that point. It was to be a matter of confidence between Kern and himself. Russell was waiting there at the plane when Kern came over. Without a word he stationed himself at the prop. Kern climbed into the cockpit.

"Contact," Kern said commandingly.

"Contact," Russell replied.

The motor roared. Kern stared at Russell. He saw the commander standing there to one side looking straight back at him, his face expressionless. Russell grinned when Kern toolled the ship across the field. Kern caught only a glimpse of it—but there was something startlingly familiar about that grin. . . .

It was pitch black up there, although when Kern looked down he could see hundreds of thousands of lights brought out by the Very signal pistols. Sometimes there was a wide flash of lightning like blue light, and he could see the forms of men moving down there. The Nazis had to do little fighting since the French had given up.

**HE** WAS flying as per directions at 9,000 feet carrying that green light under his wings. He pulled a map from his inner pocket, and studied it a moment. Then he looked down to get his bearings and was guided by the various lights beneath. And then, he stopped following the appointed course!

He switched the green light off. The Spitfire veered sharply to the left. After gaining altitude, instead of pointing toward Germany, the Spitfire made a crazy zigzag course. The simple reason was that Kern had only a vague idea of where he was going. But he knew what he was trying to get away from. He knew that in spades!

Guided only by his wrist-watch now—for he was using time and time alone as the means by which he should reach a certain spot behind the German lines,—Kern maneuvered his fast plane fully thirty miles along the Rhone, then turned again and started over the German lines. He kept a straight course for five miles, and then turned to the right again.

Finally, he started to lose altitude. And then, when he saw what he wanted to see, when his eyes lighted up and a Yankee grin came over his lips, he cut off his motor. Then he started to circle a dark area that seemed to be a patch of flat meadow. He couldn't take a chance on throwing down a flare. He could only land and hope that he wouldn't have to face a welcoming committee.

But his luck lost out.

The plane came to a stop. And when

Kern started to climb out of the cockpit, a gruff voice sounded out of the darkness. The gleam of approaching helmets nearby caught Kern's eye. He didn't wait for a big hello. With a lightning quick movement he whipped out his gun. Then he kicked out viciously at the nearest German, and sent a bullet whistling at the oncoming soldiers. At the same time he sped up the idling motor and started to swing the ship around.

**G**ERMAN soldiers were swarming around Kern's plane now, their angry guttural voices giving way to shots. Three bullets whistled by Kern's head. He discouraged them by dropping two German's with his pistol—and then letting go full blast with the machine-gun.

They went down like tall grass before a scythe, those Nazis. But they weren't giving up. They were still shooting at him. And just before he got into the air, Kern felt a sickening *plop* directly in front of him, as a bullet pierced the motor. The propeller stopped turning. The ship nosed over—and Kern was hurled into the air twenty feet above ground. And as he spun around like a doll thrown by a child from the second story window, he lost consciousness. . . .

It was a very angry German who flew back to his *Jagstaffel* that night. As von Krim brought his ship to a landing he spat disgustedly over the side of the cockpit. The other flyers came up as the Boche leader took off his helmet and goggles.

"Well, Captain, it was easy, *ja*?" one of his subordinates said, grinning.

Von Krim's face was like stone.

"Something is wrong," he said. "Something is very wrong."

The other flyers did not question him further. They knew better than to annoy von Krim when his plans went wrong.

Cursing and muttering to himself, von Krim entered the low barracks at the side of the airdrome. But even as

he set foot in the doorway he turned around, and stared curiously.

A group of soldiers were hurrying across the field toward the barracks. Two of them were carrying a still form, and they were yelling excitedly. Von Krim hurried over, and before he could ask any questions, a soldier supplied him with all necessary information.

"An American flyer," the German said. "He just crashed in that field over there—"

Von Krim looked down at the still, pale face of the American flyer.

"Very unfortunate," he murmured, grinning thinly. "Yes. It is very unfortunate." Then the grin faded, and a snarl burst from his lips. "Take him into the barracks," he ordered. "Tie him up."

"But *Herr* Captain," one of the soldiers protested. "The American, he is injured."

"Do as I say!" von Krim yelled savagely. . . .

When Kern opened his eyes he was sitting upright. He tried to move his arms and legs and found that it was impossible. He was tied to the chair. His head felt like white hot lead had been poured into it. There was a sharp pain in his left leg. And as consciousness fully returned to him, it seemed that every inch of his body was filled with a dull, throbbing ache.

A guttural voice, speaking broken English, caused Kern to look up suddenly. He saw a heavy-set, brutal-looking man looking down at him. There was a grin on that man's lips. His narrow eyes—his beak of a nose—Kern had seen that face before thousands of feet in the air. He had seen it framed behind the ring-sights of barking Spandaus. And he had seen it some place else, too—

"You're von Krim," Kern said weakly.

"Correct," snapped the Nazi. "Are you comfortable?" He grinned mockingly.

"When we capture a Boche flyer,



we don't tie him up like this," Kern said angrily.

"You don't capture any of my flyers," von Krim said haughtily. He bared his teeth now in an ugly grimace.

**D**ANE KERN nodded slowly. His mind went back to the physics classroom at Oxford, where it was nothing more than a job of thinking things out slowly and using plain American horse-sense. That's what Kern was doing now—using his brains, figuring things out, moving ahead. For the next few minutes, it was a matter of looking the situation over and coming to a few conclusions.

"You came here to kill me," von Krim said, breaking into his thoughts.

Kern's eyes widened.

"Kill you?" he muttered. "You're crazy. I was on night observation and lost my way. Of course, if you put it that way, my job's to kill every German I can."

Von Krim shook his head in a taunting gesture.

"No," he said. "You came here with one idea in mind—to kill me and me alone. Didn't you?"

Kern started to deny it, but von Krim's hard knuckles jammed the words back in his teeth. The German drew back his fist again, then let it lash out once more. Kern took it full in the jaw, then threw himself back hard against the chair. He made almost a complete somersault. When he landed he came down hard, breaking the chair. He got to his feet, and he was still tied—but not to the chair. His hands and feet were free, although splinters of wood still kept him from full liberty of movement.

He was able to act fast now, and the first thing he did was to leap at von Krim. The Boche wasn't used to a square fight. He stepped back, opened his mouth to shout an alarm. But Kern silenced him with a smashing right to the jaw that nearly took his head off. The German crumbled in an

inert heap. If he had wanted to, Kern could have killed the man then and there. But he didn't want to kill him then and there. He wanted to kill von Krim at another time, another place. . . .

It was a queer hour for a ship to be leaving the airdrome, but the German flyers were too busy drinking beer in the canteen to even think twice about the matter. Besides, von Krim had a habit of going off on night flights alone at certain times, and that was the conclusion reached by most of the Nazi aviators as they sat at their drinks. But if they would have looked into the cockpit of that Messerschmitt, they would have seen a much different story.

Dane Kern was speeding back toward his home drome. He had an easy time of it as he flew over the German lines. But when he hit the English coast he was shot at by Archies. He had to leave the Messerschmitt out to the limit to get away from them.

But the worst trouble came when he reached home. And yet it started as trouble and ended as a joke.

As Kern circled the field, his fellow flyers, looking up, recognized von Krim's plane. Kern saw them running for their ships. Here comes trouble, he thought. And then, as he stared down, he saw a figure running around excitedly. He needed only one guess. He knew who that was—what that figure was doing. Only one man down there wanted von Krim to be alive and safe—

The English flyers didn't go up after him, for the simple reason that they were commanded to stay down. Kern's lips tightened. He brought the ship down at the far end of the field. The flyers and mechanics were running toward him with drawn guns as he got out of the cockpit. One of the men was a little excited and took a shot at him. Kern grinned and put his hands up.

"Why—it's Kern!" one of the men yelled.

Russell was bringing up the rear of the group running toward the plane. As the flyer yelled in recognition, Russell stopped short. He stiffened as if struck by lightning. Then Kern saw him raise his pistol, take aim—

Kern jumped to one side as Russell fired. The commander would have fired again had not an orderly grabbed his arm and yelled:

"It's not von Krim, Commander! It's Kern!"

Russell nodded shortly. He seemed to move in a daze. Then Kern brought him out of it. He ignored the excited queries of the other pilots, and stepped up to Russell.

"Surprised to see me, aren't you?" he said with a noticeable lack of respect.

"I—" Russell stammered.

"Well, here's another surprise—a pleasant surprise for you, Commander. Von Krim is still alive. I failed in my mission."

Relief passed across Russell's eyes. He couldn't hold that expression back. He scarcely noticed that the other flyers were clustered about them now, questions in their eyes. He stared blankly at Kern. Then he found himself. He stiffened, and his eyes narrowed.

"Consider yourself under arrest!" he snapped. "Go to your quarters!"

Kern saluted, started to walk away, then came back.

"I have something important for you, sir," he said.

"Well?" Russell murmured, sardonic triumph in his eyes.

"This!" Kern swung from the knee. His hard right fist smashed against Russell's jaw. The commander went out cold. Then, as his buddies closed in on him, he shouted, "Okay, I'm under arrest. But before you guys jump me, here's a funny story for you! This guy Russell is as English as Hitler! He's a spy. And if you don't believe me take a good look at his room. You'll find an interesting little

toy there. They call it a telegraph! He's been sending code messages to von Krim. He's the guy that's responsible for us losing five, six, seven men every time we fight the Boche!

"I thought something was wrong when I heard that thing buzzing away yesterday. No wonder von Krim's been ready for us every time we've gone up against him. No wonder he's known exactly where to surprise us! Russell sent me over last night with instructions to get that damned Nazi. That was the only convenient way to get rid of me. He wired the Hun, told him where to get me, and provided me with a green light so von Krim would have an easy job of it. But von Krim's through with easy meat. From now on it's our turn. . . ."

Seven English planes moved slowly across the Allied lines two days later. Flying above the others, Flight Leader Dane Kern scanned the skies around him. He fingered his Vickers with itching fingers. The urge to kill was burning high within him, although half of his job had been completed that same morning, when a certain "English" officer was shot at dawn for high treason. And as he died, there was this same smile on Russell's lips—the smile that recalled a strangely similar smile on the face of another man—

**K**ERN'S thoughts on the subject were blotted out as his eyes took in seven dots. Then they became larger, and were coming toward his flight at almost the same altitude. Kern looked closely at those oncoming ships—and gasped. It was von Krim's squadron, and the murderous killer was leading the flight himself!

"You've had your last bite of easy meat, Boche," Kern muttered. "Now we'll take a chunk!" Grimly, he signaled his men into battle formation.

The Englishmen dived, looped, came out above and behind the German planes. The Huns broke formation fast, streaked for low altitude. But



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State of New York } ss.:  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared H. L. Herbert, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Lone Eagle, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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H. L. HERBERT, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of October, 1940. Eugene Wechsler, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1941.

this time the English flyers had the advantage of first attack. In two minutes three Germans went down.

From then on it was a field day for the Britons. They were victory-starved, and they made the most of their opportunity—if an even break could be called an opportunity. Their guns chattered away incessantly, their trigger fingers became part of those guns. They fought like madmen.

Away to one side—almost a full mile away now—two planes fought it out on an even basis. Von Krim wasn't grinning now, he was fighting for his life. And he knew who he was fighting. He passed close enough to Kern to recognize that face—the face of the devil who had escaped him only two nights ago. And it was this burning rage that made the Hun fight with his old fury, that made him forget the fact that he wasn't fighting a surprised, helpless Englishman. Any fear that might have tugged at von Krim was now blotted out by anger.

He slammed down at Kern, put lead through the side of the Hurricane's fuselage. But Kern rolled out, slipped to one side, dived, and came up in a full loop that brought him on von Krim's trail. But the Boche was smart. He knew how to fly, knew how to slip out when he was in trouble. They kept on this way—endless circles, whizzing streaks of machine and man fighting for that precious combination of space and time—occasionally getting on the other's tail.

Finally, von Krim did it. He maneuvered himself only sixty feet away, followed Kern like a hawk, and the Yank heard the bark of a machine-gun, felt hot lead smack into his shoulder. He cursed, dove, and behind him a surprised Boche, thinking the Englishman would side-slip, was fooled into passing beyond Kern.

Kern cursed again. He felt that throb in his shoulder become a sickening dullness in his brain. But he told himself that in this one last minute he had a big job to do.



And he did it. He came up behind the German and his trigger fingers sent white-hot lead into a Messerschmitt motor. Von Krim plummeted to the earth. This time his screech was not one of victory....

A white-coated hospital orderly stepped up beside his bed. Kern opened his eyes and grinned.

"Think I'll pull out of it?" he asked.

The orderly grinned back.

"You jolly well better. They have a Victoria Cross all ready for you." Then his grin faded. "Say, I have an odd story for you—"

"About what?" Kern asked.

The orderly bit his lip.

"That blighter you shot down this morning," the orderly said. "We didn't want to tell you up to now, because the shock might have proven dangerous. But you're all right now.... Well, your friend von Krim died only a few hours ago. It's amazing that he lived so long, after that burning crash. And before he died he whispered a last request. He begged us to bury him next to his brother, Otto von Krim, otherwise known as—Commander Russell!"

## THE STORY OF THE COVER

(Concluded from page 67)

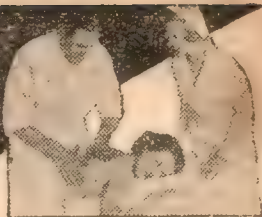
swung over. His hand fell upon the gun trigger—and as a hand grenade fell not twenty-five yards away, his gun chattered at an oncoming German armored car. He smiled wanly as he saw his tracer bullets enter the small slot in the armor plate and the German gun ceased firing. But another took up the death wail and more German steel spattered the debris that lay about the stricken British pilot.

His strength was leaving his trigger finger as bullets tore into his arm and the blood flowed from the wound. Another German gun from the car churned more steel at the stricken gunner until the gun at his hand lay shattered before him.

They found him with a grim smile on his young and handsome face. A great gap showed at his right shoulder where German bullets had silenced a brave gunner who preferred to die than to be captured. Their caps came off in respect for a courageous enemy.

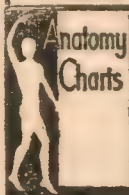
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## AROUND THE HANGAR

(Continued from page 12)

of the damage done. Four hundred civilians killed and over 1,000 injured. Eighty-eight planes were shot down. We hear reports of the calmness of the bombed and homeless people and you just can't help being proud.

I have corresponded with many readers of THE LONE EAGLE all over the world, but there's four in America whom I correspond with regularly. Well, I'll say—so long now, and please tell the Eaglets to keep on writing.

There is British money for you, readers! Eileen doesn't get enough thrills with all those bombers over her head. She wants THE LONE EAGLE and I am going to see that copies are mailed to her. I intend to write her personally.

Here is a letter from Richard "Ground Loop" Papin, of 7930 Roanoke Street, Dallas, Texas. There is no romance in his soul as far as a war ace is concerned. Get a load of "Ground Loop":

Enclosed is application for membership. I have read THE LONE EAGLE for about three years, and enjoy it very much.

One thing that gets my goat is this R47. The Lone Eagle ought to get mad and sock her one (and does she deserve it!).

I like those stories by Joe Archibald and the articles by Arch Whitehouse, although Arch goes off the deep end now and then—most of his articles are ok.

Hoping R47 gets her neck caught in somebody's retractable landing gear.

Ha-a-a-a! Keep hoping, "Ground Loop." Maybe THE LONE EAGLE will forget the days of chivalry and put ant paste in R47's bonbons. Say, Dick, do you know a pretty girl in Dallas by the name of Gertrude Day? Don't say I asked you. We keep Arch and Archibald close to the Operations shack here and they'll keep putting out their stint for you or they won't eat. Well, let's listen to Freddy Heinicken of 152 West 62nd Street, New York:

Please thank Lieut. Scott Morgan for his swell yarn in the December issue. Also give full credit to Arch Whitehouse on Secrets of the Russian Air Force. Keep up the good work!

I would like my name on the pen pals list. I also read your companion magazines, SKY FIGHTERS and AIR WAR.

Now, there is a real customer! Freddy doesn't miss a thing that we dish out here. Write him letters, Mail Buddies! George Hamelman, Jr., takes issue with Army pilots for he is all for the Navy and far be it from me to take one side or the other. What do you all think of this angle from 45 Thorne Avenue, Hempstead, L. I.:

I am sending you my membership application coupon. Please list me as a pen pal.

Well, all the letters in the mail bag seem to be harping on the same subject. That is, whether the Lone Eagle should stay in World War 1 or 2. I hold to World War 2.

But I want to start some controversy on a different item. In the August issue Jack R. Taylor stated that the Army Air Corps was better than that of the Navy. I differ with him there. The Navy pilot must know everything the Army pilot knows and more. He must know how to take off by catapult, land and take off a carrier and to fly one of those big, lumbering torpedo planes off a carrier is like driving a Mack truck down a dirt road after a rainstorm.

Or maybe he bases his statement on the fact that the Army has dozens of war aces and the



Navy has but one. (David S. Ingalls, five victories.)

Well, just wait. If Uncle Sam's Navy starts scrapping with the Jappons in the Pacific, the Army Air Corps will know what it's like to get left out in the cold.

Commenting on Arch Whitehouse's article, "Secrets of the British Air Force" where he stated that "The Germans clear off and hide in the clouds," did it ever occur to him that they might be acting on orders?

And your picture accompanying that article, captioned "The Blenheim" was the Handley-Page "Hampden."

PATROL OF THE SILENT DEATH was swell! Keep 'em coming.

We hope we do not have to fight the Jappons, Georgie. Their beetles are tough enough and we haven't licked them yet. So you like the Navy Air Force? So, who doesn't? If they ever get a chance to show their stuff, they'll turn out as many aces as the army. I'll take up those mistakes you mentioned with the guilty parties and let you know. W-wait, boys! Hang on to your seats and let me get a breath of ozone. This letter is still hot and smoking. It is an Archie barrage and no mistake. Archie Cooly of Route 2, Brownsville, Texas, gives us this load of scrap-iron:

My club and I want to know why you don't improve your stories. I have been selected to tell you what we think of your magazine. Well, duck! It's rotten! But we still read it! It will be better if you would get back to the old stuff. It's more exciting. The Lone Eagle gets out of a building surrounded by some Huns without getting shot! (Too impossible to be interesting.) Your new models are keen. But the old crates are better. I ask to be heard! Yours till Masters kills himself!

All right, Archie. You sound like the kind of fresh buzzard who hates spinach but would eat his way out of a barrel full of it. You think THE LONE EAGLE is punk but you keep on reading it, huh? You want to join the club. Say, you wouldn't be kiddin' the Old Man, would you, buddy? We ducked all right. We haven't had anything like that thrown at us since we ran for dog catcher in Split Lip, N. H. I bet you are a card in Brownsville, Archie. Write some more. Hoot mon! From 3150 Girard Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota, comes this one from Johnny McDougall:

I have been reading THE LONE EAGLE for two years now, and it's been the swellest air magazine out, until you stuck John Masters into the modern World War. Why didn't you leave him where he was? Those stories were so much better. You get so many of these modern war stories that you soon get tired of them. So why not put John Masters back where he belongs.

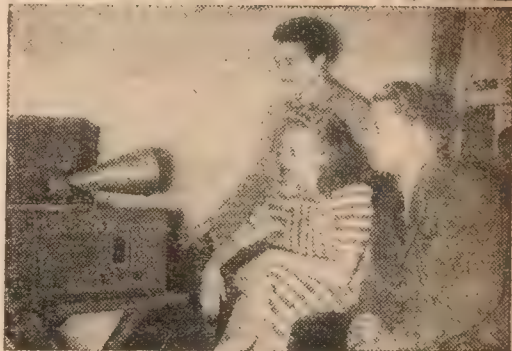
Now that I'm through kicking, I would like you to sign me up in "The Lone Eagles of America" and send me the card case and loose leaf memo-book. I have enclosed all the necessary things needed to get the book.

Yours faithfully, even if John Masters does stay modern (which I hope he doesn't).

And so it goes, Johnny. A lot of readers want Masters in the old setting and a lot want him in the new. Maybe we could settle this scrap and get the author to make out Masters was Siamese twins who finally got separated by a tracer bullet. One could be one place and one another. Well, what is another man's taffy is an-

(Continued on page 108)

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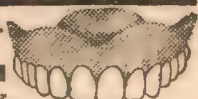
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(Continued from page 107)

other's arsenic and we try and do the best we can.

Roger Guillet of Lake View House, Knowlton, Quebec, is a little scared of Masters being vamped. Roger pens:

Thank you very much for my membership card which I received a few days ago. I have just finished reading **PATROL OF SILENT DEATH** in this month's issue. It was swell! I also read the article by Arch Whitehouse on "Secrets of the British Air Force" which I thought was very interesting. As for the Lone Eagle, John Masters, I do not care if you keep him in this war or the last war because I like him in both. There is just one more thing I want to say, and that is keep the Lone Eagle out of anything that has to do with romance.

R47 again, hey? Well, Lieut. Scott Morgan, please take note, because it looks like some of the big he-men who read **LONE EAGLE** are *phtttt* when it comes to hearts and flowers getting mixed up with tracer bullets. Pvt. Vladimir Bloksha of the First School Squadron, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., gives out with this epistle:

Kindly enroll me as a member of "The Lone Eagles of America." I am a soldier in the Air Corps and at present am stationed in the Air Corps Technical School, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois.

Your magazine has been my favorite for about three years now. For one thing, I find that the stories aren't quite as "stretched" as some other magazines I have read.

My age is nineteen and if there are any more boys or girls interested in the promotion of aviation I would sure like to hear from them.

There you are, buddies. A chance to write to a guy who is **IN**. Don't pass it up. Now from 1107 St. Paul Street, Three Rivers, Quebec, we get the word from John R. Meyers:

I am so delighted with the response I got from pen pals from **THE LONE EAGLE** magazine. I have received over twenty letters up to date. Although I have had a hard time answering them, I am not sorry I joined "The Lone Eagles of America" and put my name in for pen pals. Are there any other Lone Eagles in Three Rivers?

Why here is a letter from a section we know well. From Mary M. Homza of 13 Krych Street, Kingston, Pennsylvania. That is a good tarmac, Mary. This future Amelia Earhart writes:

I have been reading **THE LONE EAGLE** magazine since my grade-school days. All through high school, a bit of college and now. It is just as enjoyable and interesting now as it was when I first started reading it.

Although I haven't had the opportunity to learn to fly yet, I haven't given up the hope of learning some day. But I have been up for short hops—four times in three different kinds of planes. I give them all a chance.

We have a rather nice airport near here—the Wilkes Barre-Wyoming Valley Municipal Airport. At least, we're proud of it. I often visit there to watch the planes and take snapshots. And, of course, I've been a spectator at the first two annual air meets of the Wyoming Valley Flying Club.

It is nice to hear from you, Mary. You don't live over one of those sinking coal mines, do you? Wait until I get my bifocals trained on this next billet doux to see if I read it right. Yeah, it's from Alaska. Private George Chambers of Mettakatta, Alaska. He's a private in the 28 Engineers-Aviation. He gives R47 a



break. I guess there's romance in the Alaska ozone, hey George? But let him sound off. He's come a long way:

I am eighteen years of age, and I am a private in the 28th (Avn.) Engr's. We are now in Alaska building an air field for the Air Corps. We have just come from March Field, California. I have been in the army three months now and like it very much. I have read THE LONE EAGLE often. But I don't like The Lone Eagle modernized. It was better when he was in the No. 1 World War. I think he should be a little more romantic also.

Another vote for Masters, class of 1918. Building that buzzard's nest to keep an eye on Joe Stalin, George? Glad to hear that.

Now let us drop everything else for awhile and try and give a hand to the father of a LONE EAGLE reader in London, England. His name is Charles Devall and he wants to contact an old pal. Pay close attention to what he writes:

My little son who reads your magazine passed a copy over to me the other day and looking through it I wondered if you would be sporting enough to help me find an old friend of mine in New York.

His name is Frank Smith and he was employed some years ago by a similar firm to yours—they published Mystery Stories and Moving Picture Stories—all I can remember is that one of the chief people concerned was named Mr. Lu Senanens. Frank Smith was a splendid fellow and I should so much like to get in touch with him again. During the past ten or twelve years I have changed my address several times and apparently so has he because I have had letters returned. He at one time lived at Lenox Avenue, then 521 West 134th Street, and another address I remember is Nicolas Street. Maybe somebody on your staff or one of your readers would know him or know of him?

I am thirty-six years old, so I judge he would be somewhere about 38. Another thing I have just remembered is that the name of the publishing concern Frank was with was something like Harry Wolff or Woolf. If you can do anything, I should be much obliged.

We sincerely hope we can help you locate this man, Charlie. But this is a big country as you know. And if Smith's name was only Miskaloosa or something we would say the job was a cinch. Asking for a Smith over here is the same as paging Bertie in London. But you never know, as the bloke said who jumped into a herring barrel and came up with a pearl. Have we got time for one more letter? This is a pip. It comes from Jack Taylor of Clio, S. C. Listen:

I have yelled once, but maybe not loud enough. You are still printing modern novels and where is John Master's pet parrot? You could at least put him back in, or maybe his son or daughter or something.

I am still reading your magazine through, and FROM SPAD TO WORSE and PLANE JANE are something to laugh about.

Have you ever tried making some very small microfilm models and sticking a house fly in the nose? Boy, you've got some fun there.

So sorry. Got to close now. My gas gave out. Yours till the Lone Eagle heads "West."

You must be a relation of the Hooleys, Jackie. Lieutenant Morgan was in here the other day with that parrot. The bird told me he quit when R-47 moved in. Keep on yelling, Jack. We enjoy a laugh around here.

All of you can stop being so formal if

(Continued on page 110)

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(Continued from page 109)

you want to and just let yourself go. This is a flying field and not an Emily Post. I do not mean you should get too flippant with the boss because, we have to have some discipline here. Just relax and do not try and think up big words and you can write better and oftener. I am trying to locate Oswald to have him help with the mail and if he shows up I must ask all of you to write ordinary words as Oswald is no mental giant. He got as far as the fourth grade because the teacher in the third told the Parent-Teachers that either she or Oswald had to go.

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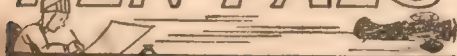
you model-building buddies to let me know how you make out with them.

Let's put PEP into this hangar. There are no eggs from the Krupps dropping on your piazzas. When you hear a siren on this side of the pond, you know it is only the fire chief hurrying to the nearest newsstand to buy a copy of AIR WAR or SKY FIGHTERS or THE LONE EAGLE for his sprout to read. Keep your letters coming and WRITE PLAINLY. Some letters don't show because we cannot afford to hire a handwriting expert.

So long, peelots!

—THE WING COMMANDER.

## PEN PALS



Here are some new members of **THE LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA**—all air fans. Many others will be listed in the next issue. The figures in parenthesis are the ages of the members.

Basil Cicella (12), 725 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.  
Mike Ziencina (17), 1933 N. Francisco Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Roland Morin (15), 67 West, Lawrence, Mass.  
Paul Flagg (14), 1329 Marlborough Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

Gordon Hencer (13), 3909 Shenandoah, Dallas, Tex.  
Clifford Muller, Jr. (18), Box 402, Hackensack, N. J.  
Vic Eggert (13), Lake Lucerne, Chaarlin Falls, Ohio.  
Clifton Cassidy (15), New Creek, W. Va.

Horace Klatter (12), 92 Carman Avenue, Cedarhurst, N. Y.

Dick Anderson (14), 2300 Country Club Avenue, Omaha, Nebr.

Bill Cribbs (17), 24 N. 7th Street, Niles, Mich.

Russell Hunter (15), 6932 Kelly Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Norman Caldwell (13), Hallison, N. C.

Ledy Hogan (11), 641 W. N. Avenue, Flora, Ill.

Harry L. Wood, Jr. (15), 128 W. Bond, Hastings, Mich.

Dorothy Close (13), 6114 N. Washtenaw, Chicago, Ill.

Bob Hedrix (15), 511-5th, Bismarck, N. D.

Ruth Parrish (14), 21 Culver, Lyons, N. Y.

Robert E. Sowers (16), 424 Cedar Street, Morgantown, W. Va.

Maurice Laumallet (12), 61-06 84th Street, Elmhurst, N. Y.

Victor Papaneck (18), Camp Wayne, Wayne Co., Pa.

Ken Reynolds (12), Hamlet, Ind.

T. C. Rains (15), Pleasureville, Ky.

Ray Smith (9), Park Avenue, Alameda, Calif.

Rusty Davis (13), 155 McAdie Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Edwin H. Westbay, Jr. (17), 317 Senator Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary M. Homza (23), 18 Krych Street, Kingston, Pa.

Kenneth Fenske (13), 916 E. 13th Street, Glencoe, Minn.

Ernestine Natrass (19), 907 Park Avenue, Hoboken, N. J.

Alan Eichman (17), 4740 W. 63rd Street, Chicago, Ill.

George Roux (15), 3924 Park Boulevard, Oakland, Calif.

George M. Staples (23), 103 E. Lake Avenue, Sherman, Tex.

Gilbert B. Hopkins, Jr. (14), 437 N.W. 81st, Miami, Fla.

Robert Souders (16), 133 S. 13th Street, Easton, Pa.

W. J. Rand, 2130 21st Street, Sacramento, Calif.

Melvin Shine (13), 22 Savin Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Bill Pinley (17), 5120 W. Center Street, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Phyllis Harrington (12), P. O. Box 1283, Durango, Colo.

Donald G. Oom (16), 129 Mantle Street, Jackson, Mich.

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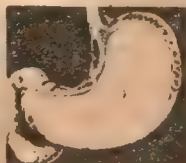
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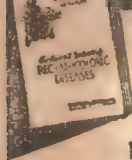
and gained back the weight I had lost." If you suffer from indigestion, heartburn, bloating or any other stomach trouble, gastric hyperacidity, you, too, should try Von's for prompt relief. Send for FREE Samples of this remarkable treatment at once. Each sample includes a descriptive circular and a letter of trial offer with money back guarantee. Instructions included. Write:

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## THAT KIND OF A PILOT

(Continued from page 91)

youth at the controls was ready and waiting. Harry Raft's brother twisted like an eel in the seat and let his body slump over. Unable to check his forward plunge Jackson fell over a cabin floor fitting and crashed down.

"One from Harry, you devil!" the young pilot said in a deadly tone, and brought the gun barrel down on Jackson's head. The senior pilot gave one little sigh, then lay still. . . .

An hour and fifteen minutes later the survey plane slid down to an easy landing on the home field. Pollard and Jeff Frasier took one look at the smoke smudges that streaked the fuselage sides from engine cowlings to rudder post, and hurried over to the tarmac.

They got their second surprise when the new pilot of Alaskan Surveys climbed down through the cabin door and hauled out the limp form of Jackson. Letting the senior pilot's body drop to the ground as he might drop a sack of wet meal, young "Parsons" turned to Pollard and held out a crumpled piece of paper.

"The truth about Harry Raft's death, Mr. Pollard," he said. "I'm Harry's brother, Joe. I knew pretty well Harry had been murdered by Jackson, so I came up here to prove it. I did. Do they hang or burn skunks in Alaska? Personally, I hope it's both."

Pollard gulped hard.

"But—the ship!" he finally gasped. "Smoke-streaked. What happened? And how'd you get him to write this?"

The youth grinned.

"My sky-writing experience," he said. "I rigged up a little gadget that spills sulphur and lampblack into the exhaust stacks. Harmless, but there's a hell of a lot of smoke. Looks just like the engine's afire. Worked it with a lead wire running back to the seat. He thought it was fire, so that's all that mattered. I'd tossed out his



'chute pack ahead of time. The yellow louse was willing to write a confession for my 'chute pack and a chance to get out of Alaska uncaught. He . . . Well, he was just out of luck all around."

"I knew very well it was murder!" Jeff Frasier cried. "But, how did you know, youngster? It wasn't hinted in the papers down in the States, was it?"

Young Joe Raft shook his head.

"Not a hint," he said. "But I knew, because I knew the kind of a pilot Harry was. He learned in the days when there were no 'chutes, and a pilot had to get the ship down, or else. I knew he would have stuck with the ship as long as possible in the hope of saving it. But if he couldn't save it, I knew damn well that he wouldn't be the first to jump, as Jackson said he did. Harry . . . Well, Harry just wasn't that kind of pilot!"

## MODEL FIGHTING SHIPS

(Concluded from page 94)

sights with a thin strip of wood. Mount front sight on center of this strip instead of on guns themselves.

For the round barrel of the Vickers use dowel wood or a slim pencil and sand it down to size. The barrel of the Lewis is easily made from a match or bamboo.

## PAINTING

Liquid wood filler, shellac or dope will fill the pores of the wood in preparation for the painting of the model. A dark olive drab color all over the plane will come close to the color of the Breguet, or you can use your own color scheme as some of the war aviators often did. Ask your model supply man for assistance on type of paint or lacquer to use if you are in doubt.

One or two coats of varnish or clear lacquer over the whole job will give added lustre if the paint sinks in. Some model builders prefer to paint the model after completion, others paint each part and let dry thoroughly before assembling. This you must decide for yourself.

## INSIGNIA

French insignia is given on plans, but as American squadrons used this plane, too, you can use U. S. insignia if you prefer. Circles will then be: Outer circle red. Next blue. Center white. Tail stripes: Front stripe red. Next white. Back stripe blue.

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20x4-50-21	2.40	1.10	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x4-75-19	2.45	1.20	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x4-75-20	2.50	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-19	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-20	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-21	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-22	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
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20x5-00-25	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-26	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-27	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-28	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
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20x5-00-30	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
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20x5-00-32	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-33	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-34	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-35	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-36	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
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20x5-00-64	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
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20x5-00-66	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-67	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-68	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
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20x5-00-92	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
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20x5-00-94	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
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20x5-00-97	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-98	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
20x5-00-99	2.55	1.25	20x3-35	2.35	30x3-35	3.45	1.45
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|---|---|---|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture              | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brake                | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing     | <input type="checkbox"/> Mfg. of Pulp and Paper   | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Signalmen's      | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning         | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines           | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering   | <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engines           | <input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineering   | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Work          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting   | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting        | <input type="checkbox"/> Fire Boilers             | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting      | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Electric         | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engines             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Engine Tune-up      | <input type="checkbox"/> Foundry Work             | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing            | <input type="checkbox"/> Mine Foreman             | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting          | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Technician          | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment of Metals | <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaking            | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Boilermaking             | <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering      | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineering  | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Designing         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineering       | <input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimating      | <input type="checkbox"/> House Planning           | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming          | <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaking             | <input type="checkbox"/> Welding, Electric and Gas |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry                | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering        | <input type="checkbox"/> Locomotive Engineer      | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Telephony      | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing   |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining              | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Engineering     | <input type="checkbox"/> Machinists               | <input type="checkbox"/> Public Works Engineering |   |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contracting and Building | <input type="checkbox"/> Management of Inventions | <input type="checkbox"/> Managing Men at Work     | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio, General           |   |  |
|   |   |   | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operating          |   |  |
|   |   |   | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Servicing          |   |  |
|   |   |   | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman    |   |  |

### BUSINESS COURSES

- |  |  |  |   |   |
|--|--|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting          | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising             | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service       | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College   | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Postal Clerk         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping         | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory | <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship          | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management     | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial          | <input type="checkbox"/> French               | <input type="checkbox"/> Service Station Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping         | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping             | <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting     | <input type="checkbox"/> High School          | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Lettering               |
|  |  | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accounting    | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating         | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management           |
|  |  |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards |   |

### HOME ECONOMICS COURSES

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advanced Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Home Dressmaking                       | <input type="checkbox"/> Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Foods and Cookery    | <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking and Designing |  |

Age..... Address.....

State..... Present Position.....

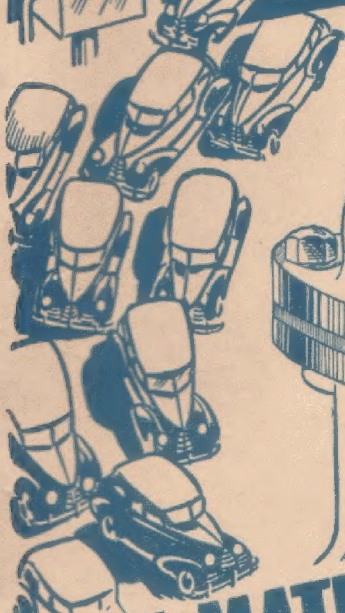
Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada  
British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. O. 2, England



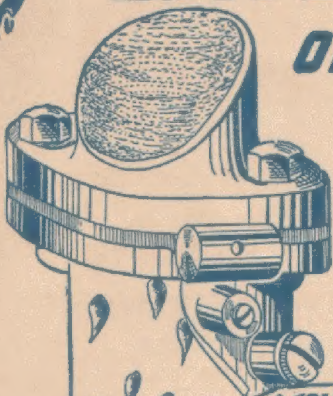


# Calling All Cars!

A  
**MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY  
SAVES UP TO 30%  
ON GASOLINE!  
OR COSTS NOTHING TO TRY**



**VACU-MATIC**  
SETS NEW COAST-TO-CHICAGO  
RECORD



*Scores  
Again*

Answer this call! Investigate this remarkable discovery that trims dollars off gasoline bills — gives you worthwhile gas savings — more power — greater speed — quicker pickup — faster acceleration. Proven so efficient, it is guaranteed to save up to 30% and give better performance or the trial costs you nothing.

## Automatic Supercharge Principle

Vacu-matic is entirely different! It operates on the supercharge principle by automatically adding a charge of extra oxygen, drawn free from the outer air, into the heart of the gas mixture. It is entirely automatic and allows the motor to "breathe" at the correct time, opening and closing automatically as required to save dollars on gas costs.

## Sworn Proof of Gas Savings

This certifies that I have carefully read 300 original letters received from Vacu-matic users testifying to gas savings up to 30%, many reporting added power, smoother running, and quicker pick-up. These letters are just a small part of the larger file of enthusiastic user letters that I saw at the company offices.



Signed *Marcus J. Clardy*  
Notary Public

In addition to establishing new mileage records on cars in all sections of the country, the Vacu-matic has proven itself on thousands of road tests and on dynamometer tests which duplicate road conditions and record accurate mileage and horse power increases.

You, too, can make a road test with Vacu-matic on your car and prove its worthwhile gas savings to your entire satisfaction.

Learn all about this

remarkable discovery. Get the facts NOW!

**Fits  
All Cars**

**Easy To Install**

Vacu-matic is constructed of six parts assembled and fused into one unit, adjusted and sealed at the factory. Nothing to regulate. Any motorist can install in ten minutes. The free offer coupon will bring all the facts. Mail it today!

**The Vacu-matic Co. Wauwatosa, Wis.**

## AGENTS Get Yours FREE For Introducing

Vacu-matic offers a splendid opportunity for unusual sales and profits. Every car, truck, tractor, and motorcycle owner a prospect. Valuable territories now being assigned. If you help us introduce it to a friend, you can obtain your own free. Check and mail coupon today.

## SEND THIS Free Offer COUPON

**THE VACU-MATIC COMPANY**  
7617-541 W. State St., Wauwatosa, Wis.  
Please send full particulars about VACU-MATIC, also how I may obtain one for my own car FREE. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if interested in Agency Proposition.



# One LIFE INSURANCE POLICY INSURES THEM ALL!

LOOK AT THE AMAZING

## LOW COST

Only \$1 A MONTH

FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY



THIS **Guarantee Reserve** POLICY INSURES FROM TWO TO SIX MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY . . . FOR AS MUCH AS . . .

**\$1,422<sup>00</sup>**

For Natural or Ordinary Accidental Death

**\$2,844<sup>00</sup>**

For Auto Accidental Death

**\$4,266<sup>00</sup>**

For Travel Accidental Death

(The above figures represent the amount of insurance provided by the policy on a typical average family of five persons)

### Insures Men, Women, Children—Ages 1-75

If aching hearts and unbearable grief were all that accompanied death . . . the burden would still be great. But added to that grief and despair are the huge expenses that always follow the footsteps of tragedy. You'll need ready cash to see you through, and unless you carry insurance on each member of your family, some time you're going to have to face these financial burdens.

### Computed on Legal Reserve Basis

The **Guarantee Reserve** Policy is brand new . . . It is actually sound . . . figured out by leading insurance experts without using the many misleading or confusing "trick clauses" and "hidden phrases" that are contained in so many low cost policies. Seeing is believing . . . that's why we want you to see the policy before you decide to keep it. We want to prove that this is the Policy you should have for your family's protection.

**Parents, Children (Married or Unmarried), Brothers, Sisters, Grandparents, In-Laws, Included**

### NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Selling by mail saves agents' commissions, branch office expenses, collection expenses . . . that's why from 2 to 6 members of your family, including relatives, may be included in your **Guarantee Reserve** Family Policy for a total cost of only \$1.00 a month. You be the judge . . . decide for yourself without agents to

high pressure you . . . without embarrassment or obligation.

Send the coupon below for details of this sound insurance offer made by the reliable **Guarantee Reserve Life Insurance Company**. Don't delay . . . do it now while you and your family are in good health.

### QUESTIONS YOU WILL WANT ANSWERED!

1. Q. Does the death of one or more members of the insured family cancel the Policy?  
A. No. The policy remains in effect, insuring the balance of the insured family, as long as premiums are paid.
2. Q. How are premiums paid?  
A. Pay your \$1.00 premium monthly. You will receive a receipt and premium notice each month. NO collectors will ever call on or bother you.
3. Q. In what States are policies issued by **Guarantee Reserve Life Insurance Company**?  
A. **Guarantee Reserve Life Insurance Company** is legally entitled to do business by mail in every State in the Union. It is incorporated under Indiana insurance laws.
4. Q. Is a Medical Examination required?  
A. No. But any members of your family who are not in good health cannot be insured.

**NO AGENT  
WILL CALL  
10-DAY FREE  
INSPECTION OFFER  
SEND NO  
MONEY**

### MAIL COUPON TODAY!

**GUARANTEE RESERVE LIFE INSURANCE CO.**  
Guarantee Reserve Bldg., Dept. 17-B  
Indianapolis, Indiana

( ) Please send me your  
**FREE 10-DAY INSPECTION OFFER**

NAME .....

ST. OR R.F.D. ....

CITY & STATE .....